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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 1
THE PALIMPSEST OF HISTORY 4
THE WORKERS' OPPOSITION IN AUSTRIA 5
A SCANDINAVIAN DIARY 6
THIS ENGLAND 7
A NEW DEAL FOR MUSEUMS 8
THREE LETTERS ON PEACE AND WAR: from Lord Allen of Hurtwood, Robert Boothby, M.P., and "Covenanter" 9
CORRESPONDENCE 11
From Canon H. R. L. Sheppard; Helen M. Keynes; Lt.-Col. J. V. Delahaye; Halbert Tatlock; Brian Howard and Gerald Hamilton; Dr. Edward Glover; Anne Fremantle; Prof. E. G. R. Taylor; Dudley Collard; H. F. Whitman; Season-Ticketholder.
MUSIC AND BALLET. By W. J. Turner . . . 13
FILMS OF VIOLENCE. By John Marks . . . 14
ONE WAY OUT. By Kingsley Martin . . Page 14
PLAYS AND PICTURES 15
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Raymond Mortimer . . 17
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Peter Quennell 18
Politeness in the Desert. By K. John . . 20
Coloured and Plain. By Ralph Bates . . . 22
Medieval Thought. By H. J. Laski. . . . 24
That Blessed Word. By Ralph Partridge . . 24
Bombs or Blessings? By W. Horsfall Carter. . 25
A Versatile Sun. By Frederick Laws . . . 26
The Saints' Sweet Home. By Nigel Richards . 26
SHORTER NOTICES 28
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 30
CROSSWORD 32
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 34

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

WE thought we had seen the nadir of leadership when Mr. MacDonald was at the head of the National Government. But Mr. Baldwin has shown us we were wrong. He has no policy of his own; the Cabinet's plans—or its shuffles and shifts—leak out in the "indiscretions" of one Minister or another. Mr. Chamberlain tells a luncheon party in London that sanctions are to be ended. Mr. Duff Cooper at a dinner party in Paris pledges us to eternal brotherhood with France. (The draft of his speech, it subsequently appeared, had been "reviewed" by the Foreign Office, and "substantially approved" by the Foreign Secretary.) Lord Londonderry, the discarded Air Minister, publicly denies the charge that Mr. Baldwin had been "misled" about German rearmament. From inside his own party—from Tory politicians and the Tory press—the Prime Minister gets brickbats instead of bouquets. He is feeling the strain and badly needs a rest—and a long one, in the opinion both of his friends and of his opponents. He is coming back to the House of Commons at the end of the week to defend and assert himself. But we shall be surprised if he can re-establish the authority he has lost, or hold on according to his original intention, till the Coronation.

If Mr. Baldwin Goes—

If Mr. Baldwin retires, he will presumably be succeeded by Mr. Chamberlain—Sir Samuel Hoare comes a long way behind in the betting, and Sir Thomas Inskip and Mr. W. S. Morrison are rank outsiders. That will doubtless mean a tougher-fibred Prime Minister and a more disciplined Government. But will it mean a better Government? In home affairs we can, of course, expect nothing but reaction. In the critical issues of foreign policy there is no real sign of unity among Mr. Baldwin's lieutenants. Most of them continue to pay lip-service to the principle of collective security; but no one knows what they mean by it. They all want to "reform" the League of Nations—but how? Is Mr. Eden in agreement with Sir Samuel Hoare on this point? Mr. Duff Cooper is a friend of France, and we do not quarrel with him for that. But exactly how is this friendship to be translated into action? What about Russia and the Eastern front? Others are friends—or would-be friends—of Nazi Germany, prepared to take a line which will encourage and enable Hitler to emulate Mussolini's example. The one thing they are all agreed upon is the rearmament of Great Britain; and to give them a blank cheque for that will simply be disastrous. What the country asks for is a policy, carefully thought out and resolutely applied, for the establishment of peace. We see no more promise of such a policy from a Chamberlain Government than from a Baldwin Government.

Mussolini and The League

The opening of the League Assembly on Tuesday was a shameful occasion. The shame was heightened by the presence of the Emperor of Ethiopia, who in pleading his lost cause barely veiled his reproaches of the Powers who have betrayed his country. And to add the final insult to the irreparable injury, there was the hooligan demonstration by the Italian journalists. These men, supposedly men of standing in their profession, were taken into custody and have since been expelled from Geneva. Mussolini, we are told, is angry—not, of course, with his henchmen, but with the Assembly for allowing his victim to appear and speak—and threatens, as he has threatened before at suitable moments to leave the League. That we do not believe he will be in a hurry to do; his prime object is to get his occupation legalised, and to stage a come-back as one of the pillars of peace and international justice in Europe. His Note, which was read at the Assembly, is designed to smooth the path. It begins by demanding full recognition of the *fait accompli;* it goes on to promise various safeguards for the conquered Abyssinians, undertakes that there shall be no native conscription, and winds up with honeyed words: "Italy will consider it an honour to inform the League of the progress in her work of civilising Ethiopia." Thus is the pill sugared. Are the League Powers going to swallow it?

The Future of Sanctions

Mr. Eden declared on Wednesday that in the view of the British Government the Assembly "should not in any way recognise Italy's conquest." That sounds satisfactory as far as it goes. But how far does it go? Will the British Government be of the same mind three months hence? And will the refusal of recognition "in any way" preclude any sort of financial aid to Italy? M. Blum was less definite. He concentrated, as all Frenchmen do, on the German menace, and a sentence or two in his speech suggested that he might be prepared to take Mussolini's Note at its face value. As regards sanctions, they are, of course, to be dropped. Only the South African delegate voiced a strong protest, and even hinted at the possibility of his Dominion withdrawing from the League. Mr. Litvinov, whilst not opposing the abandonment of sanctions in the present case, insisted that a very different line must be taken in the future. Sanctions, military included, he said, ought to be obligatory; only so could the Covenant be made an effective defence against aggression. In this demand Russia may expect the support of many of the lesser Powers who make no concealment of their anxiety about the "reform" of the League. So far as the British Government's intentions can be gauged, there is ample ground for that anxiety.

The Government and the U.A.B.

The new regulations of the Unemployment Assistance Board are to be published on July 14th; and the present intention is that they shall come into force in November. As Parliament will rise at the end of this month, little time will be left for effective debate; and in fact the real struggle is likely to take place not in but outside Parliament. Mr. Attlee rightly protested against the issue of the regulations at a time which will make it impossible for Parliament to consider them adequately, or to act as an instrument for expressing such criticisms as they may evoke in the country. He was met by the disingenuous plea that the Labour Party had been complaining of the delay, and had therefore no right to object that the Government were now trying to rush the matter. But the Labour Party wanted the draft sooner primarily in order to have time to test public opinion upon it. As for the pretence that the draft is the work of the U.A.B., and that the Government merely transmit it to Parliament, no one, we suppose, takes this seriously; it is common knowledge that the Cabinet has been debating the draft of a draft, and telling the U.A.B. what it will sponsor and what it will not. Whatever now emerges must therefore be regarded as the Government's own contribution, rather than the U.A.B.'s; and if the new draft is unsatisfactory, it will be impossible to shift the responsibility again on to the U.A.B.

Child Slavery

In the debate on the Education Bill in the House of Lords, Lord Askwith moved an amendment to limit the hours of employment of any child to a maximum of 44 a week. He and other speakers described how numbers of children were at present working 70 hours a week, and pointed out that it was intolerable for Parliament to grant exemptions from school attendance without imposing a check on such abuses. The Government spokesmen did not deny the allegations, and agreed that some action must be taken towards limiting the hours of employment of young workers; but they refused to go, in the present Bill, beyond giving permissive powers to local authorities to make by-laws regulating children's employment. Lord De La Warr held out hopes of a Factory Bill next year; but it was pointed out that many of the worst abuses fell quite outside the range of factory employment. Finally, Lord Halifax gave a vague promise that the Government would consider the whole question, and on that understanding Lord Askwith's amendment was withdrawn. For our part we cannot see why the present Bill should not include an absolute prohibition of children's employment beyond a reasonable number of working hours, which we should put a good deal lower than 44. The method of dealing with the matter under the Factory Acts is highly unsatisfactory, because it leaves untouched just those cases in which child labour suffers the worst forms of exploitation.

The Future of the B.B.C.

The Government have accepted most of the Ullswater Committee's recommendations. The B.B.C. is to avoid editorial pronouncements on the air and in its publications; the number of Governors is to be increased from five to seven (but nothing is said about having younger or more up-to-date Governors). The B.B.C. is to have more of its revenue for its own development, and its accounts are to be more fully presented. We are not satisfied even now that they will be sufficiently detailed. On two points the Government have refused to follow the Committee's suggestions. The relay wiring system, by which selections from foreign as well as home programmes are supplied on loud speakers is to be allowed to continue in private hands for three more years, on the understanding that the present companies may be forced to hand over to the State without compensation for goodwill at the end of that time. This decision may be dictated by the fact that the Post Office is not yet ready

to follow the German system of relaying as part of the telephone service, or it may be merely tenderness to private interests, which are encouraged to gamble on holding their own at the end of another three years. Finally, the Government have refused to appoint a Cabinet Minister to answer parliamentary questions on broadcasting matters. Sir John Reith is believed to have been personally keen on this proposal, which would increase the prestige of the B.B.C. and perhaps give him an authoritative spokesman in the House. But it might also lead to an uncomfortable number of broadcasting questions being asked, and the Government prefer not to run the risk.

Jarrow and the Steel-workers

Jarrow is not to have its steel-works after all; and the Government are now talking vaguely about the possibility of finding some alternative industry to occupy its people—presumably in connection with rearmament. As to the reasons that have caused the company which intended to start the new works to abandon its project, the statements differ; but there seems to be no doubt that the obstacle is the monopolistic position of control now held by the Iron and Steel Federation, which, with the support of Mr. Runciman and the Import Duties Advisory Committee, completely dominates the steel industry. The Federation protests its goodwill towards the home consumers; but the fact remains that, with its control over the permitted import quotas and its power to subject all imports which do not come in under its agreement with the continental cartel to discriminative duties, it holds a position of privilege which is open to grave objection. That the steel industry needed reorganisation was evident; that the best way of reorganising it was by creating a ring of interlocking great firms, guaranteed against foreign competition and price-cutting by outsiders, is by no means so clear. Jarrow, at all events, can hardly be expected to view with favour a system of virtual monopoly which condemns its inhabitants to continued unemployment; and, from the standpoint of the country as a whole, strong objection can be taken to an import control which vests the power of discrimination in the hands of a private group of capitalists, and gives no assurance that the resulting monopoly will not be used for anti-social ends.

The Derby Front

The contest at Derby seems likely to provide a better test of British opinion than any election for some time past. The Government's decision to choose Major Church as their champion is presumably an indication of their feeling that the "National" cloak is not yet so threadbare as to be altogether useless. He stands as a living example of that most curious anomaly in British politics to-day—a rank-and-file member of the National Labour Party. On the other side, Mr. Noel Baker has attracted a remarkably wide range of support from distinguished statesmen of progressive views. Advocates of a British Popular Front between Liberals and Labour may profess to see in this alignment an early realisation of their most cherished dreams. In fact, it is probably due to Mr. Noel Baker's own personal reputation and his special capacity for dealing with the international issues which must play a dominant part in the election. Collaboration is, indeed, made particularly difficult, since in local affairs in Derby, as elsewhere, the Liberals have queered the pitch by their close association with the Tories.

The University of London

The centenary of London University has a special significance at the present time. Founded very largely as a protest against the intellectual narrowness of Oxford and Cambridge, it has retained in a remarkable degree the temper of the gesture by which it began. It continues to know no limitations of creed or doctrine; it remains, in a quite special way, a university in which the children of the humblest citizens can find adequate opportunity. There is hardly an aspect of academic work in which it has not pioneered; and the roll of its professional names, John Austin, A. E. Housman, Karl Pearson, Graham Wallas, L. T. Hobhouse—to mention but a few—would do honour to any university. It has become, particularly since the war, the greatest centre of post-graduate studies in the British Empire. When its new buildings are completed, it is likely to enter upon a new career of service. And, so far, it has firmly maintained the tradition of freedom for which it was founded. University College, under the auspices of George Grote, stood firmly against attempts at control two generations ago, and the London School of Economics has shown the same incisive urgency in our own day. The institution which owes so much to the inspiration of Jeremy Bentham could, of course, hardly do otherwise. And it is wholly fitting that the university of the capital city should be, in so special a sense, an international university. The more amply these habits are safeguarded, the fuller will be the university's contribution to the national life. As its Principal has admirably said, "when the professors are silenced, the machine guns come into action."

Innocents Abroad

Heidelberg at the same time is celebrating its 550th anniversary, and the performances in this once glorious seat of learning are also a sign of the times. The ceremonies last week-end, attended by representatives of thirty-two different nations, opened with a full-blown military display, and Dr. Goebbels and his friends made special efforts to provide all the usual trappings of a Nazi circus. Students paraded through the streets dressed as storm troopers and the academic nature of the occasion was emphasised by the provision of a series of lectures on the new creed of "blood and race." Not even the most innocent and well-intentioned of the foreign visitors, however, could have failed to appreciate the purpose of the ceremony. It was designed as a boost for the regime rather than a commemoration of over five hundred years of scholarship—a fact which was symbolised by the removal of an effigy of Pallas Athene on one of the main buildings to make way for a German eagle and a giant bronze swastika It was, in short, a Nazi festival, not a university celebration, and British university authorities rightly refused to be a party to the fraud. No one doubts that the work of the Ministry of Enlightenment and Propaganda will be quite as spectacular at the Olympic Games later in the year; yet British athletes seem determined to aid Dr. Goebbels in his task.

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THE PALIMPSEST OF HISTORY

SOME conferences make history, while others blot it out. The business of Montreux is erasure. The knife is busy over the palimpsest of history, and when its work is done not much will be left of all that British policy sought to effect round these narrow Straits through which the waters of the Black Sea race into the Mediterranean. The Stratford Cannings and the Curzons have played their part, towering figures in their day. It was a wholly inconsistent part. What the Tory grandfather died to achieve, the Tory grandson ruthlessly undid.

For Early Victorian England the Sultan, whom it upheld as the warden of the Straits, was a protégé and a friend, because he was Russia's natural and hereditary enemy. He opened the Straits and through them passed the warships and transports that carried the men and horses of the Light Brigade to their death at Balaclava. The Crimean War ended with that Treaty of Paris which forbade the Russians to maintain either warships or naval stations in the Black Sea. From it, by a deed which might have been Hitler's model, Russia liberated herself while France succumbed to the invading Prussians. Disraeli's generation lived once again through the same traditional emotions in the effort to save the " Sick Man " from the Russians and himself, cost what it might in Christian misery.

The Great War shifted every part on the stage. Tories forgot their past and allowed a Grey to sign away Constantinople to the Russians in a secret Treaty. As once in front of Sevastopol, so now at Gallipoli Englishmen in their thousands died in vain, but this time it was to wrest the Straits from their Turkish warden. One tries with an effort to recall the nightmare of the sequel—the *perpetuum mobile* of a war that would not stop, the maddest of all the Liberal attempts to repeat the Crusades under Mr. Lloyd George, the predatory partition of Asia Minor in the fantastic Treaty of Sèvres, the superb rally of the broken Turks under Mustafa Kemal, the end for ever of Greek expansion on the Asiatic mainland, and finally the last die-hard stand of Lord Curzon at Lausanne, which saved one curiosity of war-time Liberalism from the wreckage. The Turks brought their bags and baggage back to Europe. They owned both shores of the Straits, but over their waters the League presided, as guardian of their freedom.

That also on the worn and tattered parchment is about to be erased. The British graves are carefully tended at Gallipoli and forgotten at Inkerman and the Alma. Whites and Reds fought over them in 1920 the final battles of the Soviet Revolution. The faded standards flutter to the music of Te Deums in English Minsters, and nothing else remains to tell the tale of all these vanities, these victories and defeats. Once more, as in 1870, there is tension between Prussians and Frenchmen, and once more, albeit politely and by general consent, an obsolete treaty is torn up. Raglan and Canrobert and Ian Hamilton have left on these Straits no more lasting trace of their presence than did the blond Achaeans who fell on the windy plains of Troy. Eighty years of folly are buried in oblivion at Montreux.

The modern fact that dominates the Black Sea and the Straits is as miraculous as anything that ever happened there since the adventures of the Golden Fleece. Russians and Turks live in perfect harmony. The change on the southern shores of this sea is hardly less staggering than the marvels that have transformed its northern coasts. The Prophet's successor on earth leads prayers no longer in the mosque of the Holy Wisdom, and the secular republic of to-day, after much ripping of women's veils and men's turbans, sends its youth to Moscow to learn the management of automatic looms and tractors. It remains individualistic in its still primitive economic life, but without a visible trace of suspicion it walks arm in arm with the Soviet Union. If there is no formal military alliance between them, there is much helpfulness from the bigger neighbour to the lesser and no trace of mistrust. The Russians are wholly content that the Turks should resume the right to fortify the Straits. The Turks for their part back the pretensions of the Russians to the almost unimpeded entry and exit of their warships in and out of the Black Sea.

This is beyond question the happiest and healthiest state of affairs that has prevailed in a corner of the earth which has known little happiness for many a century. No Power from the outer world dreams of disturbing it—unless, indeed, the Germans should win their way back to the Danube Valley and bring Rumania and Bulgaria once again into a reconstituted *Mitteleuropa*. But, save in this idyll of Russo-Turkish harmony, there is not much in the picture on which we can congratulate ourselves. In principle the arrangement reached at Lausanne which demilitarised the Straits and placed them under a species of international trust was an advance in the peaceful organisation of the world's highways. The less admirable aspect of it was that it was imposed on two exhausted Powers against their will by Greater Powers who had no thought of accepting a similar arrangement for the Suez Canal or the Gibraltar Straits. If Lord Curzon and Mr. Lloyd George had magnified the functions of the League in those early days of the victors' omnipotence, and made it the guardian of the Canal, it might have escaped the humiliation that befell it in its struggle for Abyssinia. For while in all the circumstances we see no reason to oppose the Turkish programme at Montreux, we cannot conceal from ourselves that it involves a retreat from a position won for internationalism.

Nor is that all. Montreux has thrown a sudden searchlight across the seas, and under it we have had to watch the world's fleets taking up their positions for the next war. Inevitably and properly the Russians are concerned to secure the free passage of their ships—not as yet modernised as their Red Army is and their astonishing Air Fleet—out of the Black Sea to the Baltic and the Far East. Their relations with Japan have become a little easier of late, but it is a relationship made tolerable only by their growing strength. In the Baltic the permission that Sir Samuel Hoare so lightly gave for German naval rearmament has added gravely to Russia's anxieties. She ought to have this free passage, but its importance to her is a symptom of her perils. The Japanese oppose, as they were bound to do. Happily the early reports that attributed to the British Foreign Office an intention to oppose this perfectly natural arrangement turn out to be incorrect. Soviet Russia is a loyal member of the League, and it ought not to be unwelcome to any of her fellow members that her defences should be adequate

or that her warships should enter the Mediterranean. Mr. Eden has wisely brushed aside any traditional hesitation that his subordinates may have felt. The French, for their part, ask that their duty of mutual assistance under the Eastern Pact shall be explicitly recognised, and with it the right in case of need to send their fleet into the Black Sea to Russia's help. That fleet went in eighty years ago by Louis Napoleon's orders to bombard Sevastopol. It entered again when Clemenceau sent it, to force White armies and French capital on the Ukraine. Its crews mutinied when they got there, and to-day their leader sits in the Chamber as a member of the Front Populaire. If ever they sail to Odessa again it will be as friends of the revolution that once France sought to destroy. So does the wheel of history turn full circle.

THE WORKERS' OPPOSITION IN AUSTRIA

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE events of this spring in Europe have once more brought Austria into the centre of the picture. The unfortunate Austrian masses, who, whether Red, or Brown, or even clerico-fascist in sympathy, want nothing less than to be the first players in a new European war act, are menaced by a situation that continually becomes more complex.

As always in recent years, in connection with Austria, it is practically impossible to prophesy what may happen from one day to the next, so great is the chaos of conflicting interests that meet in Vienna. But in this chaos a few certainties, or all but certainties, can be detected. The first is that the present Austrian Government, always Habsburg in sympathy, is more firmly so than ever since Prince Starhemberg's fall, and whenever it judges the international situation to be sufficiently favourable, will stage " Kaiser " Otto's come-back. The second is that the opposition of the rulers in Belgrade to any form of Habsburg restoration is as determined as ever. They are not persuaded by the mildness of declared Habsburg policy ; they are convinced that Otto's re-establishment in either Vienna or Budapest would eventually constitute a serious threat to their territories. And what Belgrade insists upon, Bucharest and Prague will agree to. The third is that whatever arrangement Italy and Germany may make at the expense of other Powers cannot be anything but short-lived, if it is not actually bluff. Their interests in South-Eastern Europe are too clearly opposed for one finally to surrender the control of Austria, the key, to the other—quite apart from the question of South Tirol. Hitler will not give up his aims in Austria, even if he shelves them for a while. But it is a mistake to think that he will necessarily pursue them by violent means, that the Austrian Legion, with the Reichswehr not far behind, will suddenly march over the frontier. They *may* ; and if they do, they will move with the surprise and thoroughness that is characteristic of Nazi action. On the other hand, Hitler has never taken the risk of armed action so long as other cheaper means of penetration have presented themselves, and though the first Nazi *Putsch* in Austria was a disastrous failure, there are still good cards in his hand for him to play. What Hitler wants, essentially, is control of Austria's foreign policy, and he may yet obtain this without sacrificing a single life and without giving other Powers a clear-cut chance of intervention. The Austrian Government, the Nazis reckon, is fundamentally unstable ; and in the next crisis what would be more natural than that it should seek to win at least the benevolent neutrality of all the Nazis in Austria by taking one or two " National " politicians—a polite, face-saving name, in effect, for Nazis—into the Cabinet? This would no doubt be a case of the Trojan Horse ; but it might be the simplest action for a Chancellor in desperate straits. Is it fantastic to suggest that, by a similar penetration in Czechoslovakia, where Henlein's supporters think it not impossible that they may find places in a reconstituted government, Germany may even get her *Mitteleuropa* without a war?

There is, however, a factor of increasing importance in Austria that will perhaps in the end upset the plans of both Hitler and Mussolini. And that is the undoubted revival of the workers' movement, in spite of a police persecution as thorough, if not as brutal, as that existing in Germany. It is not merely a revival of illegal party activity (this has always existed) ; but a movement coming from below, and affecting large numbers of workers who are organised in neither Communist nor Socialist camp. There is no doubt that the practical fusion of the Communist and Socialist Trade Unions last autumn had a great deal to do with it, a fusion that has just been supplemented by a pact for united action between the parties themselves. But there are other reasons. During the last six months the Viennese workers have seen the triumph of a Popular Front in Spain over a clerical Fascism in some ways resembling their own, and more recently an equally resounding Popular Front victory in France. They have seen their own Governments compromising the structure of peace by open support, against the League of Nations, of the Italians, whom the average Austrian dislikes. They have seen thousands more of their numbers thrown on to the streets—*ausgesteuert*—at the end of their dole, while corruption in high places was made glaringly obvious to them by the explosion of the Phönix Insurance scandal. They have had to submit to the reintroduction of a form of military service, a measure that found not the least sympathy in the proletariat, but only made them more bitter and hostile than ever. And finally they have seen their rulers openly scrapping with one another ; the events on the " Ring " on May 10th were a sign for the workers, as well as for the Nazis, that the Schuschnigg Government was a thoroughly rickety structure behind its brave façade. It is little wonder that the illegal workers' leaders should find that penetration among the masses was becoming rapidly easier, after a long period of comparative apathy, and that the movement towards a People's Front was winning more and more sympathy among wide sections of the population, not least among those Left-wing Catholic circles of the Christian Trade Unions and the Freiheitsbund, which were the cause of all the trouble on the " Ring." " Here come the Marxists, the Schutzbund ! " shouted Starhemberg's supporters tauntingly at the Catholic Freiheitsbund. " Look at the Phönix reserves ! " yelled back the Catholics, hinting that they knew perfectly well where the great Insurance Company's money had disappeared. Chancellor Schuschnigg, white in the face but determined, joined the marching ranks of the Freiheitsbund. Was there a Nazi hand at work in this, as there was in the later attack on Starhemberg's Castle of Waxemberg by alleged disgruntled Heimwehrmen? At any rate, Major Fey, Starhemberg's predecessor in disgrace, and also known to have had intrigues with the Nazis, was on a balcony near by, looking oddly as if he were taking a hand in the direction of the disturbances.

The break between Starhemberg and Schuschnigg was bound to come, in spite of the fact that they had so often declared that they were indissolubly united. But it was working-class pressure more than anything else that forced this break between the representative of full-blooded Fascism and the more cautious disciple of the Vatican. The industrialists knew, and had often declared in private, that the temperature of workers' opposition was steadily rising in the factories, the demand for the restitution of democratic rights growing louder. The armaments manufacturer Mandl, in particular, the man who had throughout financed Starhemberg, was perturbed about it. Serious protest strikes broke out in a large number of important Viennese factories on the eve of May 1st, when the workers learned that the Government intended to go back on their promise to give full pay for the May holiday (which has been retained, and dubbed

" The Day of the New Constitution," to counter Communist and Nazi propaganda). These so alarmed Mandl that he persuaded his protégé to insist on the elimination from the Government of all who were toying with " democratic " ideas, and led directly to the attack on Schuschnigg's Left-wing followers and the reckless telegram to the victorious Mussolini shortly afterwards. That Schuschnigg found it necessary, in order to placate both home and foreign democratic opinion, to drop his powerful partner, should be an encouragement to those, particularly in this country, who believe that Austria's independence must be saved at all costs for the preservation of European peace, to give their sympathy and support to the movement for the restoration of a large measure of real democracy in Austria. The Nazis are strong, even in some sections of the unorganised proletariat. But it is not too late ; and such a restoration, not a Habsburg restoration, is perhaps the only hope of preventing the triumph of one or other of the Fascist giants in their struggle against France, Russia—and us.

A SCANDINAVIAN DIARY

Low said he wanted a holiday. He wanted to forget the existence of Mr. Baldwin, Mr. MacDonald, Hitler, Mussolini and Colonel Blimp. I wanted to forget the existence of Critic. So we boarded a convenient aeroplane to Copenhagen—a cheerful city with good buildings, canals that run up into the heart of the town, lots of fountains and statues of mermaids, other beasts and important citizens. The supply of bicycles must outdo the number of donkeys in Spain—which is saying a lot. In Scandinavia, which is certainly the most sensible part of the world, the cyclists have separate tracks along the sides of the main roads. Other examples of sense are their co-operative farms, their *hors d'oeuvres* (which you eat with Schnapps), their knowledge of the English language and their marriage laws. I simply could not persuade people in Denmark and Sweden that in this country married people are not legally entitled to a divorce if they both want it. " But," they said, " if both parties are committing adultery, obviously the marriage is at an end." " No," I said, " if both commit adultery, that is a bar to divorce." " Well, then," they said, " the law actually insists that they should go on committing adultery ? " I explained that this was so and that people like Lord Merrivale, who has had long experience of administering our divorce laws, are all against divorce by consent and actually want to make adultery a legal offence. At that they gave up. Their own very free society works well by all the tests I know. One sees no prostitutes and in Copenhagen doctors are complaining that they cannot find a single case of syphilis for purposes of demonstration to medical students.

* * *

A ferry-boat takes you across the narrow strip of Baltic to Sweden. For centuries the Danes and Swedes fought each other on this piece of water ; eventually they found it not worth while and now feel toward each other, as far as I can judge from their jokes, much as English and Scottish people do. Stockholm, when you get there, is as lovely as it is supposed to be. All the architects with ideas seem to have been allowed to have fun there ; the waterways are lined not only with splendid old buildings, but with gay and usually successful examples of modern architecture. They are so interested in building that they have collected on a hill called Skansen, just outside Stockholm, a sort of museum of old houses of different types with the original furniture inside. You can wander about all day and see what Sweden was like in different periods of its history. British organisations which specialise in the preservation of ancient buildings might try to put this idea into effect in England. But I doubt if most people would think that there is room on Hampstead Heath. Stockholm is built on islands and behind it are freshwater lakes dotted with islands and, seawards, an archipelago which contains so many islands that you can choose your own and even in holiday time sail all day from one to another without ever knocking into anyone if you happen to feel unsociable. Some of them, of course, have their summer villas. Others are inhabited only by sea-birds. I have heard the number of islands in the archipelago put at twenty thousand and that, I think, only includes the good-sized ones. There is a Tivoli in Stockholm, as in Copenhagen, for people who like to make merry *en masse*.

But for the most part Stockholm seems to take its holidays in couples or in families. Midsummer is the great festival of the year. Then it is light all night—it was never too dark at midnight to read a letter in the open air while we were there—and almost everyone seemed to spend a good deal of their time in boats or in the water. I fell into conversation with two young men who were spending their holiday sailing from island to island, cooking their meals on a primus stove and sleeping in their sailing boat. It was their own boat for which they had saved up and paid about £20. They were cooks in a Stockholm restaurant. Yachting, like many other good things in life, is not in Scandinavia a rich man's monopoly.

* * *

But Sweden is a capitalist country and has a press which has learnt our ways. The first night, a reporter turned up to interview us while we were having dinner and the next morning Low was inveigled into a long interview with a reporter from the *Aftonbladet*. He was very eloquent about the influence of cartoonists. He drew two pictures, for instance, to show how Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had remodelled his moustache in order to fit Low's conception of what he ought to look like. After the interview Low remarked that he was going to take me to see Stockholm's wonderful Town Hall. Now you must understand that this Town Hall is a very remarkable building with steps going down to the water and a façade like the Doge's Palace at Venice. Low has the highest admiration for it. But the young man who reported was not pleased at hearing it called " wonderful." He told us he was bored with the Town Hall and that fifty architects came to see it every week and talked the same rot about it. Low was amused. " You would rather have me call it rotten ? " he said. " Well, have it your own way ; it is certainly out of tune with the rest of Stockholm architecture." And we left the hotel, laughing. That evening the interview appeared with *The Town Hall " Rotten "* as the headline and a largely fictitious account of Low's views about the badness of the Town Hall. This was quoted throughout the Swedish press and nearly made an international incident. Low and I agreed that the reporter had nothing to learn from Fleet Street.

* * *

We arrived just as the Swedish Government gave way to an Agrarian one. The circumstances are complex and instructive. The Government has been a coalition between the Socialists (with the largest party) and the Agrarians. It has been tremendously successful. Comparing the figures at the

depth of the depression and at present, unemployment has been reduced from something approaching 200,000 to about 30,000. An intelligent monetary policy coupled with a big scheme of public works has shown that Social Democracy can be, for the time being at least, triumphant. Fascism, which looked ugly about three years ago, has disappeared from view. But it is important to notice that this has been a Radical-Reformist, not a Socialist, Government, and some prominent members of it say that the real battle is still to come, that Capitalism has been consolidating itself and that even in a thing like housing, there is still plenty of overcrowding to tackle and a big fight ahead when the next depression comes. The late Prime Minister, Hansson, whom everyone calls by his Christian names, Per Albin, began as a grocer and grew to power through the Trade Union movement. He is a remarkable man, shrewd and vigorous, popular, easy to get on with and of great natural authority. Low drew his picture. He has now gone out of office. Parliament has finished for the year and there will be elections in the autumn. The coalition with the Agrarians, who have now formed a Government by themselves, was broken up ostensibly because the Conservatives and Liberals wanted a rather larger rearmament programme than the Social Democrats were prepared to accept. But a compromise would have been arranged had not the Government linked the question of arming with a scheme for higher old-age pensions to be paid for mainly by higher taxation of the rich. The election issue will presumably be whether armaments are to be financed by the well-to-do or at the expense of the social services.

* * *

Is Sweden rearming, too? Not seriously. They have too much sense to think that a country of six-and-a-half million people can ever be strong enough to withstand Germany if Hitler wants to possess Sweden's deposits of iron ore or if he covets Sweden's open spaces as a place of settlement for the supposed surplus population of Germany. But psychologically it is difficult to refuse to increase arms when everyone else is doing it, and some Swedes say that if they had not had a competent, though small, army during the last war, they would have been overrun by Germany then. The League idea has

been very strong in Sweden. I was told that if there had been a League war with Italy, fifty thousand Swedes would certainly have volunteered for service. They are deeply shaken by the Abyssinian disaster and share the common continental bewilderment at the double-crossing rabbity policy of the British Government. It is extraordinary how closely they feel tied to this country; English books are everywhere, English culture is much admired and German culture is, on the whole, rejected. Part of the Conservative party is, of course, fundamentally Fascist and favourable to the Nazis. Its views are put forward in a most extreme form in the *Allehander*, a sensational Stockholm evening paper. It actually declares that Sweden is menaced by Russian plans for expansion. This is an effort to revive the ancient hostility between Sweden and Tsarist Russia in favour of Germany. I only met one Swede, and he was half American, who took this propaganda seriously. But I met considerable alarm at the fact that Finland, Sweden's close neighbour, which contains a large Swedish minority, is now semi-Fascist and almost wholly under German influence. The breakdown of the League certainly means an effort to return to the old Northern Neutrality position of the Scandinavian countries. But there is a fear that if Great Britain resigns her leadership of the democratic countries German influence will increase in Scandinavia.

* * *

On Midsummer-night's Eve, which is traditionally Walpurgis night (the Witches' Sabbath), Scandinavians dance all night, and near Copenhagen, where I happened to be, the coast was illuminated with bonfires every few hundred yards. The festival is a pagan survival, just as Christmas is in this country. It is a sober kind of Saturnalia, when young people are supposed to enjoy themselves. Effigies of the traditional witch with her broomstick are stuck up like Guy Fawkes on the top of the bonfires and fireworks help to send the witch up to Heaven. I drove round the coast and through wooded countryside and everywhere I saw healthy and happy young people enjoying themselves. They are very conscious, I found in conversation, of Nazi Germany just across the frontier, but as there are only three million of them and their country is totally indefensible, they get on with their own lives in their own way and worry as little as possible.

* * *

Sometimes the spread of one's own culture to other countries may be amusing. Low and I were dining one night with two Swedish journalists in an open-air restaurant. The talk turned on national types of humour and I asked whether the English limerick had made its way into Sweden. "Oh, yes, indeed," said one of my Swedish friends, "I think limericks are wonderful. Have you heard this one?

"There was a young lady of Riga . . ." CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. P. Lunam.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

I think it is correct to say that there is not one country to-day on the face of the earth, even if its politics for the time being are hostile, that does not thank God for Great Britain.—Mr. B. S. B. Stevens, Premier of New South Wales, at Manchester, reported in *North Eastern Daily Gazette*.

There are other classical scholars resident in Oxford whose claims to the professorship are considered by their colleagues to be far more compelling than those of Mr. Dodds. [Professor E. R. Dodds, newly appointed Regius Professor of Greek.] These men have taught in Oxford for many years, have published authoritative works on the Greek classical period, and fought in the war.—*Daily Mail*.

Who said Franklin D. Roosevelt was a spent force? His Philadelphia speech . . . might have been made by Shelley—had Shelley been of more robust, practical frame, and a modern American statesman.—*Star*.

The Lord Mayor of London will be present with his own procession, and the Chancellor of the University, the Earl of Athlone, will be in the last procession—and actually the last to enter the Cathedral. It is hoped that listeners will hear the huge doors of St. Paul's close after him.—*Radio Times*.

"The skipper of the *Girl Pat* has made a name for himself which will be rememoered long after the name of Columbus has gone into oblivion," said Sir John Marsden, chairman of the trawler owners' organisation at Grimsby, yesterday.—*Daily Herald*.

The Middle Danube Valley is a seething cauldron of discontent so that at any time a spark applied to the tinder might result in an outbreak leading to a world conflagration.—Sir Robert Gower, M.P. and Lieutenant T. C. R. Moore, M.P. in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian.*

At 14 another batsman was adjudged l.b.w., and this player was so displeased at the umpire's decision that he sat down in the middle of the wicket and did not move. After waiting for about half an hour until the time limit for the Long Whatton innings had almost expired, the batsman still showed no signs of moving, so the Shepshed players walked off the field, and the match was abandoned.—*Leicester Evening Mail.*

A NEW DEAL FOR MUSEUMS

A SHORT time ago, in a dark corner of the British Museum of Natural History, I came across a pathetic notice. It said: "Visitors are recommended to read the labels."

Recommended! Is a national museum, with all its wealth of material and resource, forced to plead for the interest of its visitors? Contrast with this the methods of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, which recently erected a vast submarine tableau at the entrance to one of its fish galleries simply to call attention to the wonders of marine zoology. This mighty "group" case—it must be something like thirty feet high—shows a coral reef off the coast of the Bahamas: it is filled with gloom and filtering lights, and in and out among terraces of gorgeous coral fishes flash like jewels. Probably there is an octopus lurking in the shadows; I cannot say. But it is vivid with beauty and drama and the romance of the unknown; the public is captivated and wants to know more, just as it wanted more of Verne and Wells. In the Deutsches Museum in Munich there is a coal mine where one may wander along dark tunnels and see the miners crouching at the coal faces, or enter an alchemist's cell and examine his retorts and philtres, or have a practical demonstration of television in the booths provided. Under these conditions visitors need no persuasion to read the labels; they crowd round them.

A new type of curator is needed in our museums, a type combining the qualities of Sir James Jeans and Mr. C. B. Cochran. It is not enough for curators to know all about the collections in their charge. They must have the urge to tell less fortunate people what they know, the discrimination to pick out what it is important for the lay mind to understand, the interest in current events and thought to relate their subject to them—a most rare quality. They must also have an eye for their subject's romance and dramatic possibilities: this is where the strength of the American museums lies, and far too often for this very reason they are smiled at by officials in this country. "Curatorship" should mean not merely care of the dead things in the cases, but care also of the hungry minds—and 90 per cent. of them are hungry, as I can testify—of the people looking into the cases. The Museums Association has recently instituted a diploma, for which a knowledge of the general duties of curatorship is required, but it is sought after mostly by assistants in smaller museums, and has to include examinations in taxidermy, preservation of specimens and other strictly technical subjects, to the exclusion of discussion of the ethics of the profession. The national museums almost ignore curatorship: each new member of the administrative staff is given a subject—it may be as narrow as a single class of insects—and is expected to devote himself exclusively to its study. Recruits are rapidly made into recluses, unless they have the individuality to keep a grip on life in their spare time. In most cases, so does the world retreat outside their ken that they believe their obligations to it can be discharged by giving instructions that the stuffed birds or pottery which their predecessors placed in the public galleries be duly dusted and open to inspection from 10 till 6.

The view that obligations to the public are of secondary importance was bluntly stated in a letter to the *Museums Journal* some weeks ago. Discussing the diminishing number of visitors to the British Museum, the writer asked, "Is it necessarily to be regretted, provided the number of serious students is maintained?" Who are those "serious students"? What are they doing? How many of them are other than that myopic type of scholar who spends his life in sifting a tiny section of the past without any intention of using his discoveries to help the present? Is the country to go on paying substantial annual grants for the sake of those amiable but not indispensable ladies and gentlemen while no effort is made to understand the point of view of the man in the street, for whom the museum could do more than any other educational institution? A second misconception of the purpose of museums, and especially of national museums, is that they should serve as a kind of national trophy house, a view that was universal in the nineteenth century. Mr. H. G. Wells in *Tono Bungay* says they "sprang from the elegant taste of gentlemen of leisure." "Gentlemen of means" would be more true: most British museums originated as signals of national success, as more modest accumulations of antiques and old masters and game-heads were signals of private success. Unfortunately the accumulation of treasures "for the nation" is still practised. Of all forms of national cupidity it is perhaps the most unreasonable, because it is inflamed by rarity and artificial prices as readily as by real value or beauty in the object to be acquired: the nation may be stimulated for a week or two to that pitch of mania which drives a philatelist to give a thousand pounds for a single postage stamp. To permit our national museums this sort of function is not only undignified; it cripples their resources for the serious function of educating the public.

To fulfil their function museums must drive their roots much deeper into national life and affairs. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York there is an official known as "Curator of Industrial Relations." The title explains itself. The official is a permanent link between the museum and industry. He keeps the museum living and vivid, and reciprocates the influence from without by encouraging good design and form in the products of industry. Exhibitions of contemporary American industrial art are held in the museum annually, in contrast to the prejudice against contemporary work in British museums, through which the public loses the opportunity of comparing the finest craftsmanship of past and present. Special exhibitions should play a much greater part in museum policy. No event of artistic or scientific importance should pass without being recorded and explained in the appropriate museum. The cinema is another feature which museums might use with great advantage: not only does it provide a lucid form of demonstration by which exhibits can be shown under real conditions and be simply explained, but it offers rest for the foot-weary. The Deutsches Museum has its cinema, and so have the great American museums; but there are no museum cinemas in Britain. Children's galleries and special facilities for young people would further link the museums with the public and would inculcate the "museum habit." There is, I think, only one children's gallery in Britain, and it is not in London. Attached to such galleries there should be laboratories and study-rooms where the children would have opportunities of handling specimens and having personal instruction in a pleasant, informal way, entirely unconnected with school. Children instinctively love museums; to omit to encourage this love is inexcusable.

To say there is no money to put these suggestions into practice is nonsense. The task would require some hard thinking and hard work, but comparatively little expenditure. Even the national museums could be transformed into efficient and thoroughly delightful places in three or four years if they would utilise their purchase grants and funds for the alterations instead of adding further to the undigested accumulations of material. I admit there are formal difficulties. I have heard it objected that purchase grants are voted for purchases only. But such objections are, I think, indications of how flimsy are the difficulties in the path of museum reform. I. F.

THREE LETTERS ON PEACE AND WAR

A CALL TO ACTION

SIR,—Democracy always runs into danger when the majority of the Electorate is unable to get what it wants from any of the political parties. That danger is further intensified, if the threat of war should at the same time create an atmosphere of emotional apprehension. Both these conditions are now governing British politics. The prevention of war and the protection of democracy therefore require that we should at once make an important political decision. But this means that we must first do some very clear thinking about the state of public opinion.

The electors have shown on more than one occasion how genuinely anxious they are that the League system should be tried out to the full as the method of preventing war. Instead, they are likely to see the League Covenant weakened at the Assembly meeting next September, owing to a curious combination of contrary opinions falsely uniting pacifists, militarists and the British Government. As a result, an unreal agreement with Germany will be bought at the price of making the League ineffective. No nation will trust the signatures appended to that agreement, because there will be no adequate means for protecting it when signed. Hence will follow rearmament and probably war in central Europe.

All this is contrary to the wishes of the electors, and in consequence there will emerge—as is already apparent—an increasing state of fear and bewilderment. The frustrated Electorate will swing to the Right and not to the Left. In all probability this will synchronise with a downward trend in the curve of economic prosperity, and this will cause still further emotional anxiety.

At that point the forces of reaction will climb into power. Either they will secure a clear majority, or they may find themselves with a small margin in what will amount to a parliamentary stale-mate ; but even that small majority will be sufficient to give them the initiative at an exceedingly critical moment. Then our democratic system will be in jeopardy.

The question arises : why should this come about, and cannot it be prevented ? The fact is, as everyone of us knows perfectly well, that the public is drifting to the support of a Government in which it does not really believe, in preference to an Opposition that inspires insufficient confidence.

The trouble is partly due to a false quality in Socialist propaganda. A programme of change in established customs and habits needs to be presented in a different mood from a programme to keep things as they are. To induce people to put through fundamental changes we have to get their minds to work, rather than make an appeal to their inferior emotions. We need a propaganda which explains the merits of the proposed changes, expressed with a persuasive integrity that rings true and brings out all that is best in political life. It was in such fashion that the early Socialist Movement was rapidly built into public favour. The need for that quality is far more urgent now, when we are living through crisis, war and dictatorship.

Under these circumstances, the political strategy of democracy must be varied from time to time with as much courage as the Russians have displayed in the strategy of Communism.

In 1931 the threat to democracy first became serious. Then " Association in Politics " on the Right seemed to me essential. A Constitution for India was, in fact, carried through by the Right, which would have been defeated had it been proposed by the Left ; economic recovery was in some measure started ; confidence was restored. Britain in its own incalculable way established at that time what amounted to its own form of dictatorship. It gave overwhelming power to a parliamentary majority, and yet left our Constitution intact, so that it might be available for further use, as it now is. Then began the disastrous failure of the National Government in the realm of foreign policy.

To-day the protection of democracy, and with it the prevention of war, require " Association in Politics " on the Left. But it is essential that this step should be taken immediately, before the Electorate slips too far into fear and emotion. We cannot deny, however much we may regret it, that a clear majority for Labour is improbable in time to prevent this disintegration.

That is why so many of us are now discussing what is called the " Popular Front." But Britain must apply this idea in her own way. We cannot wait for a General Election ; we have already missed that chance. If we do so, irreparable damage will by then have been done. Let us therefore act now by taking a step, which holds out the promise of a Popular Front, even though we cannot immediately create a Government. Such a step would demonstrate to the electors that a powerful opposition was available from now onwards as an alternative Government. Mr. Attlee and the Labour Party could change the whole situation in British politics, and in the world, if they would at once call to a conference all progressive groups that were prepared to accept the dominant leadership of Labour. Any group, which asked Labour to surrender its Socialist objective, would thereby prove itself the enemy of an effort to save democracy. But that would not be asked. What is necessary is that the Labour Party at such a conference should declare, as M. Blum has done, a programme of priorities, involving far-reaching action in domestic and international affairs, suitable to the life-time of the next Parliament. By this means Labour would test the bona fides of all other progressive groups, in just the same way that we ask the British Government to test the bona fides of other countries at Geneva, by the process of submitting publicly a policy for acceptance and joint action.

The vast majority of the electors would at once rally during this critical transitional period to the leadership of Labour if it saw Labour harnessing the support of all progressive forces. This would be all the more so, if the Opposition would strengthen its constructive and immediate programme by a style of appeal and advocacy which called out the intellect and reached the heart of the whole nation. No compromise is asked for simply in order to catch the timid voter. The public would then pull itself back from slipping over the precipice to the Right, for it would derive a new confidence from the fact that there was a formidable alternative Government ready to take office at any time.

I believe this one step of Labour calling such a conference would be sufficient to restrain the Government from destroying the League Covenant at the September meeting of the Assembly, and would put such new hope into British political life and such moral integrity into Left-wing propaganda, that Labour would win through within a year or two from now.

The alternatives are an almost inevitable war and a grave threat to our whole democratic system of Government.

ALLEN OF HURTWOOD

VERSAILLES AND THE LEAGUE

SIR,—Has the method of Collective Security failed to maintain peace because it has not been honestly and resolutely tried ? Or because the conditions in which it has been applied have made it impossible ? And is a system of alliances within the framework of the present League the way out ? These are the vital questions posed in your leading article last week. Upon the answers which must be given to them within the next few months depend unquestionably the peace of the world.

For the moment there is a breathing space. And before we find ourselves once more completely submerged by the rising tide of nationalist passion, it is perhaps worth while to take a glance at the background of the present darkening European scene. As I listened in the House of Commons last week to Mr. Lloyd George's incomparable rhetoric, my mind travelled back to the years in which he bore supreme responsibility. To Versailles and its aftermath, wherein the roots of almost all our present troubles are embedded.

After the Debate I went home and turned up the books of reference. I think that many of the younger generation then at the Universities realised something of what was happening between the years 1919 and 1923 ; but I am sure that most of us to-day—certainly most of those who listened to Mr. Lloyd George's speech—have forgotten the full horror of it. It is possible, and certainly charitable, to forget the 1918 Election, and some of the wilder proposals—such as hanging the Kaiser—to which Mr. Lloyd George then lent the weight of his authority. Alas, we cannot forget the terms of a Treaty which was never negotiated, but roughly imposed upon helpless and temporarily abject people ! It is instructive to re-read President Wilson's famous fourteen points, and see how far they were translated into action by the allied " statesmen " at Versailles—what became there of " open covenants of peace openly arrived at," the freedom of the seas, the removal of economic barriers, the reduction of armaments, the " free open-minded and absolutely impartial adjustment of Colonial claims," the evacuation of all Russian territory, the adjustment of the frontiers of Italy along " clearly recognisable lines of nationality," the opportunity to the peoples of Austria-Hungary for " autonomous development," the creation of a Poland " inhabited by an indisputably Polish population."

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All this is contrary to the wishes of the electors, and in consequence there will emerge—as is already apparent—an increasing state of fear and bewilderment. The frustrated Electorate will swing to the Right and not to the Left. In all probability this will synchronise with a downward trend in the curve of economic prosperity, and this will cause still further emotional anxiety.

At that point the forces of reaction will climb into power. Either they will secure a clear majority, or they may find themselves with a small margin in what will amount to a parliamentary stale-mate ; but even that small majority will be sufficient to give them the initiative at an exceedingly critical moment. Then our democratic system will be in jeopardy.

The question arises : why should this come about, and cannot it be prevented ? The fact is, as everyone of us knows perfectly well, that the public is drifting to the support of a Government in which it does not really believe, in preference to an Opposition that inspires insufficient confidence.

The trouble is partly due to a false quality in Socialist propaganda. A programme of change in established customs and habits needs to be presented in a different mood from a programme to keep things as they are. To induce people to put through fundamental changes we have to get their minds to work, rather than make an appeal to their inferior emotions. We need a propaganda which explains the merits of the proposed changes, expressed with a persuasive integrity that rings true and brings out all that is best in political life. It was in such fashion that the early Socialist Movement was rapidly built into public favour. The need for that quality is far more urgent now, when we are living through crisis, war and dictatorship.

Under these circumstances, the political strategy of democracy must be varied from time to time with as much courage as the Russians have displayed in the strategy of Communism.

In 1931 the threat to democracy first became serious. Then " Association in Politics " on the Right seemed to me essential. A Constitution for India was, in fact, carried through by the Right, which would have been defeated had it been proposed by the Left ; economic recovery was in some measure started ; confidence was restored. Britain in its own incalculable way established at that time what amounted to its own form of dictatorship. It gave overwhelming power to a parliamentary majority, and yet left our Constitution intact, so that it might be available for further use, as it now is. Then began the disastrous failure of the National Government in the realm of foreign policy.

To-day the protection of democracy, and with it the prevention of war, require " Association in Politics " on the Left. But it is essential that this step should be taken immediately, before the Electorate slips too far into fear and emotion. We cannot deny, however much we may regret it, that a clear majority for Labour is improbable in time to prevent this disintegration.

That is why so many of us are now discussing what is called the " Popular Front." But Britain must apply this idea in her own way. We cannot wait for a General Election ; we have already missed that chance. If we do so, irreparable damage will by then have been done. Let us therefore act now by taking a step, which holds out the promise of a Popular Front, even though we cannot immediately create a Government. Such a step would demonstrate to the electors that a powerful opposition was available from now onwards as an alternative Government. Mr. Attlee and the Labour Party could change the whole situation in British politics, and in the world, if they would at once call to a conference all progressive groups that were prepared to accept the dominant leadership of Labour. Any group, which asked Labour to surrender its Socialist objective, would thereby prove itself the enemy of an effort to save democracy. But that would not be asked. What is necessary is that the Labour Party at such a conference should declare, as M. Blum has done, a programme of priorities, involving far-reaching action in domestic and international affairs, suitable to the life-time of the next Parliament. By this means Labour would test the bona fides of all other progressive groups, in just the same way that we ask the British Government to test the bona fides of other countries at Geneva, by the process of submitting publicly a policy for acceptance and joint action.

The vast majority of the electors would at once rally during this critical transitional period to the leadership of Labour if it saw Labour harnessing the support of all progressive forces. This would be all the more so, if the Opposition would strengthen its constructive and immediate programme by a style of appeal and advocacy which called out the intellect and reached the heart of the whole nation. No compromise is asked for simply in order to catch the timid voter. The public would then pull itself back from slipping over the precipice to the Right, for it would derive a new confidence from the fact that there was a formidable alternative Government ready to take office at any time.

I believe this one step of Labour calling such a conference would be sufficient to restrain the Government from destroying the League Covenant at the September meeting of the Assembly, and would put such new hope into British political life and such moral integrity into Left-wing propaganda, that Labour would win through within a year or two from now.

The alternatives are an almost inevitable war and a grave threat to our whole democratic system of Government.

ALLEN OF HURTWOOD

VERSAILLES AND THE LEAGUE

SIR,—Has the method of Collective Security failed to maintain peace because it has not been honestly and resolutely tried ? Or because the conditions in which it has been applied have made it impossible ? And is a system of alliances within the framework of the present League the way out ? These are the vital questions posed in your leading article last week. Upon the answers which must be given to them within the next few months depend unquestionably the peace of the world.

For the moment there is a breathing space. And before we find ourselves once more completely submerged by the rising tide of nationalist passion, it is perhaps worth while to take a glance at the background of the present darkening European scene. As I listened in the House of Commons last week to Mr. Lloyd George's incomparable rhetoric, my mind travelled back to the years in which he bore supreme responsibility. To Versailles and its aftermath, wherein the roots of almost all our present troubles are embedded.

After the Debate I went home and turned up the books of reference. I think that many of the younger generation then at the Universities realised something of what was happening between the years 1919 and 1923 ; but I am sure that most of us to-day—certainly most of those who listened to Mr. Lloyd George's speech—have forgotten the full horror of it. It is possible, and certainly charitable, to forget the 1918 Election, and some of the wilder proposals—such as hanging the Kaiser—to which Mr. Lloyd George then lent the weight of his authority. Alas, we cannot forget the terms of a Treaty which was never negotiated, but roughly imposed upon helpless and temporarily abject people ! It is instructive to re-read President Wilson's famous fourteen points, and see how far they were translated into action by the allied " statesmen " at Versailles—what became there of " open covenants of peace openly arrived at," the freedom of the seas, the removal of economic barriers, the reduction of armaments, the " free open-minded and absolutely impartial adjustment of Colonial claims," the evacuation of all Russian territory, the adjustment of the frontiers of Italy along " clearly recognisable lines of nationality," the opportunity to the peoples of Austria-Hungary for " autonomous development," the creation of a Poland " inhabited by an indisputably Polish population."

Versailles is the quaking bog upon which the present League of Nations is founded. Its monstrous terms, its fantastic frontiers, are those with which the League is at present indissolubly entwined, and which it is still pledged to defend. And the question which many of us are asking ourselves to-day is whether this is not the real cause of failure. Mr. Lloyd George shattered his main argument by declaring that Britain would not fight for Austria; and a certain reluctance to go to war for such a political and economic extravaganza is surely pardonable. But who created Austria? Who created the whole shambles that is Central Europe to-day? Mr. Lloyd George sighed for the statesmanship of last century. If he himself had possessed one-tenth of the moderation and wisdom of Castlereagh, we should be living in an easier world.

Consider also the aftermath. The squalid and interminable haggling over reparations. Genoa—the last chance before the second German collapse—when the allied delegates drove a distraught Rathenau first to Rapallo and then to his death. The frightful bungling of the Eastern question, which moved Massingham to write in your columns in October, 1922:

> It is not necessary to claim a wisdom as from on high for any school of thought or action that British statesmanship can supply—the old diplomacy, Gladstonian idealism, Salisbury's realistic method, or the international mind which the Labour Party affects—in order to conclude that almost any man of any political doctrine could do better than this. Some policy in the Near East must be at least relatively right. And if a policy is well chosen, it is the part of prudence to keep to it. But while the Prime Minister can be quoted for or against every possible opinion and line of action in Turkey and Asia Minor, his more deliberate choice has usually been for the wrong one. Having revived Armenia and deserted her; having given Smyrna to Italy and Greece; Asia Minor to Greece and Turkey and the Powers; Constantinople to Russia, Turkey, and an international occupation; Thrace to Turkey, Greece, and Turkey again; having in turn opted for little or no Turkey, for a moderately sized Turkey, and for a Turkey virtually restored to the status of a Great Power, and having quarrelled with Italy or France, or both of them, on some of these questions, or on all, the British Government has been left finally alone, and finally helpless.
>
> If by this time, therefore, all the British Parties—those of the Right no less than those of the Left—fail to understand that the kinks in Mr. George's mind and character forebode the inevitable defeat of England in her enterprises and policies, there is no teaching them. We must simply accept a fifty per cent. discount off our remaining stock of success and good repute, and have done with it.

As one listened to Mr. Lloyd George's denunciations last week, one remembered the things to which he subjected this country, and some of the courses to which he committed us, during those post-war years—and one wondered how he dared. But, to do him justice, there are few things from which Mr. George has ever shrunk.

The same cannot be said of his successors. The period of mischievous and incessant activity for which he was responsible was succeeded by the decade of paralysis in British Foreign Policy presided over by Messrs. Baldwin and MacDonald, which began with the occupation of the Ruhr and ended with the burning of the Reichstag. A decade during which those of us who saw in the Weimar Republic and its leaders the seeds of a great modern State, watched with deepening dismay the mushroom growth of Hitlerism under the impetus of psychological despair. Locarno bore the solitary gleam of light, which was soon to be extinguished. Locarno was never followed up. The occupation of the Rhineland was continued. So were reparations. Even the "Anschluss" was not allowed. Thus the one genuine post-war effort for European consolidation was never expanded to the point of realisation; and the dying Stresemann was forced to confess that the youth of Germany, which might have been won for peace and civilisation, had been irretrievably lost. We did not even have the courage to sweep away reparations when the twelfth hour came at Lausanne. Bad leadership on the part of Britain had been succeeded by a total lack of any leadership.

It is necessary to remind ourselves of this appalling past, because, in spite of criticism, a note of quite unwarranted complacency is to be found amongst members of all political parties in this country to-day. It is at least open to doubt whether any purely political organisation founded upon treaties as unjust as Versailles and Trianon can ever hope to succeed. And if it be true that the main causes of our present discontents are economic, then any effective form of international organisation ought surely to be primarily economic in character. I have always believed that the precipitate dissolution of the Supreme Economic Council was one of the most disastrous of the many mistakes made by the Allies after the war. The League ought to have concentrated—ought now to concentrate—its main activities upon the economic reconstruction of Europe. It has never been encouraged to do so. On the contrary, it has been encouraged to believe that it is a political association of equal Sovereign States, which is palpably untrue. Most of the States of which it is composed have either fought to preserve themselves, or fought their way into existence. You might as well put a lot of angry and discontented tigers and Kilkenny cats of every sort and size into one cage with insufficient food, and expect them to arrange a peaceful solution of their problems amongst themselves.

What are the lessons to be learnt from the events of the last six months? First, that the only effective Sanction is force; second, that this force, under existing conditions, cannot and will not be applied by all the member States of the League; and third, that these member States are far from being equal. In these circumstances the immediate German challenge can only be met by adequate re-armament on the part of the three Great Powers—Britain, France and Russia—whose primary interest is the preservation of peace.

The ultimate political solution must lie in the creation of an international Air Force. In the meantime I find it difficult to share your belief that a complicated system of military alliances within the present framework of the League is likely to diminish chances of war, and, in the light of past events, I want to suggest for your consideration that the best hope of peace lies:

(1) In the complete separation of the League from the Treaty of Versailles;

(2) In revision of the Covenant in the direction of greater flexibility—especially as regards Sanctions;

(3) In an expressed willingness on our part to discuss such political modifications in the Treaty of Versailles as are necessary and reasonable *pari passu* with the reduction of armaments; and

(4) In an international attack, through Geneva, upon such economic problems as currency, credit, trade restrictions, raw material production, nutrition, and hours of labour.

These questions need not aggravate the smouldering passions of the present phase of acute nationalism. Yet they are incomparably the most important questions which confront us to-day. Upon their early solution, the future of our civilisation depends.

House of Commons. ROBERT BOOTHBY

THE END OF SANCTIONS—AND AFTER

SIR,—Allow me to make the following points in support of your admirable leader on "The End of Sanctions":

(1) As pointed out by the Executive of the Parliamentary Labour Party in its "Call to the Nation" of June 18th, the raising of sanctions means the abandonment by the "National" Government of the collective system and a return to international anarchy which destroys the hope of peace and makes inevitable a world war that will slay millions. "The drift to war must be stopped," concludes the Parliamentary Executive. On May 31st the Rt. Hon. A. V. Alexander, M.P., stated that "Unless the people as a whole are prepared to act, to demand and obtain a change in our foreign policy, war with all its dreadful consequences cannot long be delayed. It is for the people now to demand that there should be an immediate revision of British foreign policy or that the Government should resign."

(2) The abandonment of the collective system means preparing to use war as an instrument of national policy. In the conditions of international anarchy there is no difference between self-defence and war as an instrument of national policy. For by self-defence is then meant throwing the sword into the scales of diplomacy, i.e., using war and the threat of war to impose the British Government's view of imperial rights and interests on other nations. The White Paper on defence quite clearly takes this view of the meaning of national defence. For it says, "It is essential that . . . the relation of our own armed forces to those of other Great Powers should be maintained at a figure which will be high enough to enable us to exercise the influence and authority in international affairs which are . . . required for the defence of vital British interests. . . . The prime function of the Royal Air Force is to provide an effective deterrent to any attack upon the vital interests of this country, whether situated at home or overseas."

(3) The Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress are pledged to a "world peace loyalty" to the collective system overriding any national duty to support the Government in war. Specifically, as Mr. Andrew Conley explained to the National Peace

Congress on June 28th, the Labour Movement is pledged to support any Government on the issue of national defence so long as that Government is in Labour's judgment loyal to its League obligations. But "We have said in the plainest possible terms that we shall not serve nor support any Government which becomes involved in a war of aggression. . . . This means the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy." This Government, added Mr. Conley, was seeking national security in a mad arms race and not in collective defence. It had virtually abandoned the League and betrayed collective security. "British Labour cannot now treat the Government's arms programme as a defence programme designed to fulfil our obligations under the Covenant, but as a rejection of the principle and practice of the collective security system. War is the end that awaits this nation on that path."

(4) There must be millions of convinced supporters of the League of Nations in this country who are prepared to fight in a "public" or collective defence war, but who have a conscientious objection to fighting in a "private" or anarchist war. For in the former it would be easy to distinguish defence from aggression and the cause for which we were fighting would be to establish the supremacy of law over force. But in the latter "self-defence" would mean merely a clash of rival Imperialisms and national egotisms where both sides would be aggressors and where civilisation would lose whichever side won. Moreover, being ready to fight in defence of the Covenant means making the League strong enough to preserve peace. Whereas readiness to fight in the kind of war toward which the "National" Government are drifting as a result of their abandonment of the Covenant means resigning oneself to Armageddon.

(5) It is not too late to save peace if the Government be compelled either to reform its foreign policy or to resign. The way to do that is, as you suggest, for the Labour Movement, in pursuance of its world peace loyalty, to mobilise the millions who believe in the League of Nations in support of a nation-wide refusal to work, or to fight, or to pay taxes in case of war unless and until the Government give to Labour guarantees in *acts*, not mere words, of a return to a collective system policy.

COVENANTER

Correspondence

WOMEN AND PEACE

SIR,—Some time ago there appeared a letter in the press above my signature asking men of all schools of thought who were prepared to renounce war and never again to support or sanction another to send me a postcard to that effect. As a result there are something like 100,000 men enrolled in what is inadequately described as the Dick Sheppard Peace Pledge. It has now been determined that this venture should become a vigorous and constructive Peace organisation with headquarters in London.

Those who are associated with me in what is in future to be called The Peace Pledge Union are the following:

F. P. CROZIER	CHARLES RAVEN
JAMES HUDSON	SIEGFRIED SASSOON
ALDOUS HUXLEY	DONALD SOPER
MISS STORM JAMESON	MISS ELLEN WILKINSON
GEORGE LANSBURY	ARTHUR WRAGG
LORD PONSONBY	

And two more women to be nominated.

The immediate objectives of the Union will be not only the signatures of a million citizens of both sexes to renounce all war, but the gathering of the keenest of these into groups throughout the country that they may train themselves locally in the technique of non-violence.

The Union will, of course, meet with much opposition; but when its plans are known, in the autumn, I do not think the severest critic will be able to charge its leaders with being negative or unpractical. We intend to show with the utmost despatch and vigour not only that war is wicked and futile, but that there is another way of Life which, if pursued, would ensure Justice and Peace. Preparations are proceeding apace at our London headquarters for the holding of great demonstrations on consecutive nights in October in all the great cities, when the full policy, literature and constructive suggestions of the Union will be submitted to the country. Though our organisation is distinctive in that it welcomes men and women of every school of religious and political thought, and of none, we are working in friendly gratitude to, and in co-operation with, other Pacifist organisations.

Meanwhile the purpose of this letter is to ask 100,000 women to enrol at once in The Peace Pledge Union—our desire is to have immediately as many women as we have men on our roll. Those women who realise what the cost of enrolling may entail, but are determined to do all they can to assist, are asked to send a postcard at once to us, addressed as under.

The wording on the postcard, which should be clearly signed, the address and designation (Mrs. or Miss, etc.) being in block letters, should run as follows:

> "I renounce War and never again will I support or sanction another, and I will do all in my power to persuade others to do the same."

It should be addressed to:

H. R. L. (DICK) SHEPPARD,
Hq. P.P. Union,
Grand Buildings,
Trafalgar Square,
London, W.C.2.

H. R. L. SHEPPARD

THE POPULAR FRONT

SIR,—The statement made by your correspondent, F. Meddings, with reference to the passing of a resolution urging the re-affiliation of the Communists to the Labour Party is correct. The inference he draws therefrom—that this represents the feeling of the bulk of the members of the Fabian Society—is grotesquely inaccurate. However much both he and I—for I approved the spirit but not the text of the resolution in question—may deplore the fact, it is merely stupid to ignore it. It appears to me a pity to spoil a good cause by such childish misrepresentation and it is such irresponsible behaviour as this which makes the official attitude of the Labour Party comprehensible and indeed inevitable.

HELEN M. KEYNES

49[8] Roland Gardens, S.W.7.

SIR,—Discussions have been taking place by a small group of people who realise the urgency of united action on the part of progressives in this country. This group considers that a People's Front must be established here and that quickly. If British foreign policy continues to be one of wavering and unimaginative timidity the desire of the great masses of people here and abroad for an assured collective security will be frustrated, and a new period of war will be thrust on mankind. If economic policy at home continues to be determined by nineteenth-century resistance to any real programme of economic and social reconstruction on humane and scientific lines, the democratic advance of the people towards greater opportunities and greater liberties may be held up for many years.

In such a situation and in face of the economic potentialities of our age, is there any progressive leader who can advocate that the particular interests of persons, parties and groups should continue to divide progressive forces if the united support of the people can be obtained for a programme of immediate concrete demands?

The group are of the opinion that the next step towards the establishment of a Government that will pursue a courageous policy in the interests of peace and elimination of poverty is the organisation of a People's Front. Such an organisation cannot, in our opinion, be achieved by the watering down of party programmes nor by any attempt to fuse their philosophies. This would only lead to discussion of doctrine instead of united action and would set up dangerous and unnecessary conflicts of loyalties. Each party, society or group must retain its own individuality and its right to advocate on its own platform the political philosophy which it believes and work for the objectives, total or limited, for which it stands.

Hence the need for a campaign supporting a Charter of immediate concrete demands dealing with the League, foreign affairs and the practical daily life of the people, in support of which many National bodies and persons from as far Left as the Communist to as far Right as the democratic Tory could be expected to co-operate. The first draft of such a people's Charter which might form the basis of agreement is now being drawn up. We invite all those willing to be associated with it to communicate with us and to include their suggestions at the address below.

J. V. DELAHAYE (Secretary)

37 Bedford Square, W.C.1

SIR,—The eminently practical specific you offered in your leader last week must surely be regarded by all your readers as of urgent importance to the whole world.

It has, on many past occasions, been at the point of despair only that the people of this country have risen and given an unequivocal lead to their Government and to the propertied classes. We already know, through the results of the Peace Ballot and the revolt against the Laval-Hoare proposals, that a conviction in favour of an active peace exists in the breasts of the great majority of our people. It is only the contagion of inaction and compromise from the present Government that has made us lie down to the collapse of the League's authority.

I for one believe that you have given an economic and political lead, and that your formulae must be taken up at once by the parliamentary oppositions, official and otherwise, in the spirit of a great crusade without all party considerations and recriminations.

Is it too late to use also to the full an auxiliary force in the form of foreign visits by statesmen, churchmen, and laymen along the lines of Mr. MacDonald's visit to America, prior to his fall from our respect? It seemed to me at the time the most effective move by this country in the direction of future peace among the English-speaking people since the American War of Independence. The spiritual side of the present effort would be of inestimable help. Since the B.B.C. has itself a peace motto, could not its service be used to raise funds urgently for foreign visits of the sort indicated? If so, who doubts that the people of this country would be anxious to express themselves in so easy a way as by giving money?

HALBERT TATLOCK

45 Renfrew Street, Glasgow, C.2.

POLITICAL PRISONERS IN GERMANY

SIR,—It is perhaps not yet sufficiently well known by those people in Great Britain interested in such matters that, on July 5th next, there will be held in this city an important European Conference for the Amnesty of Political Prisoners in Germany. The support that this Conference, called together at such very short notice, has already obtained in nine European countries and from such international associations as the Fédération Internationale des Ligues pour la Défense des Droits de l'Homme et du Citoyen, has surpassed the most sanguine hopes of its organisers. These include, in this country, such names as Emile Vandervelde, Senator Vermeylen, Camille Huysmans, President of the Belgian Parliament and Burgomaster of Antwerp, H. M. Jasper, Minister of Transport, etc.; in France, Vincent Auriol, Minister of Finance, Pierre Cot, Minister of Air, André Gide, André Malraux, etc.; in England, Professors Haldane and Laski, Miss Jennie Lee and Miss Ellen Wilkinson, the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, H. G. Wells, J. B. Priestley, etc.

We are writing this letter in the hope that any of your readers, who may be able and wish to do so, will attend this Conference at the Palais d'Egmont (Secretariat: I. Rue d'Assaut, Brussels), or at least send messages of goodwill and support, which always contribute so greatly to the success of such undertakings.

Brussels. BRIAN HOWARD
GERALD HAMILTON

THE DANGERS OF BEING HUMAN

SIR,—Dr. Rickman and Mrs. Riviere (writing in your issue of June 20th) have ingeniously discovered that the opinions expressed in *The Dangers of Being Human* are my own, a fact which indeed I had freely confessed in the book itself. But in their endeavours to protect psycho-analytical conclusions from unbalanced exploitation at the hands of individuals they have succeeded in laying bare a quite respectable number of mare's-nests. They suggest that I have done injustice to psycho-analytical science by neglecting, first, the modification man's primitive mental equipment has undergone; second, the fact that there is sometimes reality in good intentions, and, lastly, the constructive forces in the mind which by interplay with primitive impulses find expression in reform. Had your correspondents been a little less zealous in mission they could have discovered ample evidence in almost every chapter that these somewhat elementary propositions had not been cold-shouldered. Not only so; I had expressly stated that the impulses to reform could not be given effect without the assistance of precisely those primitive mechanisms which at other times constitute a danger to man. In their enthusiasm to rectify omissions, Dr. Rickman and Mrs. Riviere have omitted to take into account my main thesis, namely, that there are dangers associated with unconscious mental functioning. Hence their support of "Critic's" case is a source of weakness to him rather than of strength. In effect they incite "Critic" to beg the questions at issue, namely, the *reliability* of the pacifists' mental institutions and the *effective drive* existing in such manifestations of group-conscience as the League of Nations.

Incidentally, it is a somewhat intriguing example of "The Whimsicalities of Being Human" that, whereas Dr. Rickman and Mrs. Riviere are prompted by their conscience to challenge my right to speak for psycho-analysis on this occasion, they have been rather more indulgent toward their own pronouncements. For it might appear to the simple-minded reader as if your correspondents, undeterred by my apparently regrettable example, have naively assumed and exercised an identical right.

18 Wimpole Street, W.1. EDWARD GLOVER

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL

SIR,—At the request of his widow I am preparing a short biography of the late Marmaduke Pickthall. Could any of your readers who knew or corresponded with him let me have any accounts or memories of him, or the loan of any of his letters? I would take every care of any documents entrusted to me, and would be most obliged for any help offered.

Knights Mill, ANNE FREMANTLE
Quenington, Gloucestershire.

DEGRADED ANIMALS

SIR,—Your contributor E. G. Boulenger is at fault in ascribing the development of fat-rumped and fat-tailed breeds of sheep to "Oriental love of fat," as also in terming these animals "degraded." Such reserves of fat improve the chances of survival of the sheep in their semi-arid habitat, where there is a seasonal reduction of natural fodder to starvation limits. The breeds were recorded in Arabia by Herodotus nearly twenty-five centuries ago. An aspect of animal degradation which deserves notice is that on the instinctive and emotional levels to which so-called "pets" are subjected. Innumerable dogs, forced to fulfil the role of spouse or child-surrogate to a human "mistress," are denied their natural right to mating, parenthood, and congress with their kind.

E. G. R. TAYLOR

CIVIL LIBERTIES

SIR,—On the evening of March 22nd last at Thurloe Square the mounted police made a baton charge about which a number of serious allegations have been made.

For some weeks thereafter the National Council for Civil Liberties did its utmost to persuade the Home Secretary to set up an official inquiry into the matter, but without success. The Council has now decided to hold its own unofficial inquiry, and has set up a Commission consisting of Professor Norman Bentwich, M.C., O.B.E., M.A. (chairman), Mr. Harrison Barrow, Professor F. M. Cornford, Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.A., LL.D., M.P., and Mr. J. B. Priestley.

If any of your readers are able to give any relevant evidence and have not already sent a statement to the Council for Civil Liberties I should be grateful if they would send a signed statement of what they saw to the Council's offices at 99A Charing Cross Road, W.C.1, and indicate whether they are prepared to make an oral statement before the Commission. I can then let them know when and where the Commission would like them to attend. The first public session of the Commission will be held at the small hall of Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1, at 8 p.m., on Friday, July 10th, and the list of witnesses for that day is already complete.

6 Pump Court, DUDLEY COLLARD,
Temple, E.C.4. Secretary to the Commission

MAXIM GORKI

SIR,—I write as one who had the privilege of spending a fortnight with Maxim Gorki at his villa on the Cape of Sorrento one summer some seven to eight years ago. Of all the obituary notices I have read the past week the article contributed to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION by Mr. Ellis Roberts alone enabled me to, so to speak, re-live emotionally something of the days I spent on the Sorrentine Peninsula with that unique and distinguished personality. "If there is anything great and unfathomable to which we are wont to give the name of 'Russia,'" once wrote the poet Blok, "the man we must consider its exponent to a remarkable degree is Maxim Gorki." Friend of Tolstoy, Chehov, Lenin and Stalin, one of the greatest comrades young writers ever had, his memory will remain

enshrined in the hearts of the toilers, both mental and manual, throughout the world. His name will become a symbol.

We were sitting among the ruins of the villa of the Roman poet Pollius Felix, which lie scattered over the rocks at the very tip of what was known to the ancients as the Promontory of Surrentum. Across the bay, beneath a snow of stars, rose the dark pile of Vesuvius, the lights of Naples, Portici and numerous villages twinkled along the distant shore and on the mountain between Sorrento and Pompeii glimmered the last flickers of a dying heath fire. Once again I hear the deep voice of M. Gorki: "The ultimate ideal of Soviet culture is a World State, a World Commonwealth. Dostoievsky and others of his day prophesied that Russia's mission was for the whole world, was pan-human. . . . The Capitalist world is going from Nationalism headlong to Bestialism. . . . Lenin lighted a torch in a mad and bankrupt world whose light no power on earth can extinguish. . . . Europe is literally fermenting. . . . A new hatred will shortly appear in the world, a hatred for the Imperialist white races. . . . A time is rapidly approaching when there will be a sharp dividing-line between those who are spiritually alive and those who are merely 'mechanised automata' in human form. . . ." The sound of a guitar from a boat drifting on the sea below broke the stillness. "A letter came from America to-day," suddenly remarked a young Russian who reminded me of Titian's portrait of Ariosto and who was acting as Gorki's secretary, "from a man who wants to know if Mr. Gorki will write what he thinks about immortality and an after-life. Apparently he collects articles on this subject written by famous people." "You can tell him," replied M. Gorki, "that one world at a time is enough for me, and that although I've been sixty years in this life I've been far too busy to bother my head about the next!"

H. F. WHITMAN

69 Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY VIBRATION

SIR,—Mr. Belloc puts the case if anything too moderately. If vibration cannot be lessened, I feel confident that others, like myself, will have to give up use of the line. A few months in my case have had such an effect on my sight that I am told I must not read in the train. Yet one cannot sit with vacant face for 1¾ hours. A railway is in effect a monopoly. Has not the Board of Trade or the Ministry of Health power to order that vibration must stop short of injuring health or eyesight?

SEASON-TICKETHOLDER

Miscellany

MUSIC AND BALLET

THE art of ballet is addressed chiefly to those who have a highly developed visual and musical sense, but in every audience that goes to see ballet these are, I should say, in a minority; the majority being vaguely pleased pictorially, and indeed preferring other elements than the more purely visual ones in the stage picture. In fact, the larger public for ballet is like the larger public which visits the Royal Academy and other picture exhibitions, its visual sense is under-developed and it likes to recognise in pictures what it has seen in real life—which is generally not much.

Exactly the same may be said of its musical sense. From very careful observation over a great many years I have come to the conclusion that those gifted with a well-developed musical sense can hardly conceive of the degree of vagueness with which the average audience listens to music. What the latter look for in hearing music is to be moved emotionally, and by the emotions which are known to them from daily life. They do not *hear* exactly and in musical detail but are merely affected by the general mood or character of the piece. This applies even to concert audiences, but, of course, still more to audiences of ballet and opera. In fact, the degree of musical insensitiveness of the majority of people—and those who do not believe they are musical are often in this respect far superior to those who do—is not to be exaggerated. I have seen and sat next to at Glyndebourne again and again people who were desperately trying in the darkened theatre to *read* in the programme the description of the action while the performance was going on upon the stage. This has happened not only during recitatives—when it might indulgently be forgiven, though not by me—but even during the most marvellous arias, such as *Dalla sua pace* or *Dove sono* or *Per pieta*. If during such music people are busily engaged trying to understand the plot, I think we may not unreasonably draw the conclusion that they are musically deaf.

I hope it will be noted that I have only referred to this inattention to the music during arias. These being the most exposed parts of the music and being, moreover, *sung* so that there is a clear, unmistakable vocal line for the audience to follow need no great effort of aural concentration to grasp. But, of course, to imagine that the majority of such audiences ever hear what is happening in the orchestra would be the wildest of notions. For them the orchestral part hardly exists and one can see that they pay no attention to it. As for detecting in what respect a conductor such as Fritz Busch surpasses many others I could, but dare not, name, owing to our law of libel, such a thing is too much to expect even of a relatively cultured musical audience. I should like music lovers to ask themselves one simple question and it is this: "How often do you hear an orchestral chord that is quite vertical, like this, I, for example, instead of being a squiggle like this §?" I can assure the non-musical reader that accurate vertical chording is the rarest of events in orchestral playing but you can hear plenty of it at Glyndebourne. One might think this is so elementary a virtue as to be taken for granted, but it is as rare as a pianist whose both hands are always absolutely together instead of being like Quashed and Omaha at the winning-post of the Ascot Gold Cup—separated by a short head.

In ballet those who are musical have a great deal to suffer. Even when good orchestras are engaged the conductors seem rarely able to procure more than mediocre performances. The orchestra and conductors at Covent Garden during the present ballet season are not bad, but one cannot say much more, except that I notice a tendency to improvement. At the Alhambra this year the conductor, Léo Hofmekleris, strikes me as being better than the average ballet conductor and he has some good material in his orchestra which, however, does not always play as well as it ought to. But this is all concerned with the execution of the music. I want now to say something about the relation of music to ballet generally.

If the plot is what chiefly interests opera-goers—and this is certainly the chief interest of the majority—it is also the plot or story which is the chief concern of the general public visiting the ballet nowadays. Diaghilev had collected a special public for his ballets; it was smaller than the present public—for it must never be forgotten that the Diaghilev ballet never became really popular—and much more discriminating. Many of Diaghilev's ballets were visual works of choreographic art whose virtue did not depend upon plot, ear-tickling or spectacle but resided in some *tertium quid* which gratified the artistic sense of the spectator. Since his death some of the choreographers employed by him, Massine and Nijinska, for example, have gone on producing ballets, and we have been able to follow the development of Massine through the annual season of Col. de Basil's *Ballets Russes* at Covent Garden. Massine has certainly not stood still. He astonished us by his daring attempt to fit a choreography to two symphonic works, Tchaikovsky's 5th and Brahms's 4th symphonies. He respected the music completely and he succeeded in devising a suitable and interesting dance-parallel to the music. But this year, seeing *Choreartium* for its third season, I began to feel that this development of Massine's is a mistake and will not prove very fruitful. I await his *Symphonie Fantastique*, promised this season, to decide me upon this matter; but I was very conscious on hearing *Choreartium* this time of the inadequacy of the performance as a rendering of the music in itself and of its thinness as a ballet. The case of Tchaikovsky is even clearer. One has only to compare the music of

Le Lac des Cygnes and *Présages* to perceive an essential difference between music composed for ballet and symphonic music. In *Le Lac des Cygnes*, as in other ballets by Tchaikovsky, the composer invented music for dancing. There can be no doubt that the very idiom of the music inspired the choreographer to invent technical steps and expressive dancing. And we do not need to confine ourselves to classical ballet. There is a contemporary composer, Stravinsky, who has some of Tchaikovsky's special genius for writing music for ballet. His *Firebird* is the first splendid example, but a more recent one is *Le Baiser de la Fée*, recently produced at Sadler's Wells. Personally, I consider *Le Baiser de la Fée* made by Frederick Ashton to Stravinsky's music, a far superior ballet to Massine's new *Jardin Public* and not only because Stravinsky's music is far superior to Dukelsky's. It is better because it is more securely founded on the traditional art of the ballet and is the more purely choreographic.

W. J. TURNER

FILMS OF VIOLENCE

"Fury," at the Empire.
"The Phantom Gondola," at the Curzon.
"Janosik," at the Academy.

ONE might expect the films to have been invented by an Eskimo, so pre-eminently is the cinema suited to be the ideal form of winter entertainment. The architecture of picture-palaces, the warm, welcoming darkness, the lush emotions on the screen are an unedifying but effective antidote to wet pavements and draughty despair. In the summer, when railway-guides read like novels and romance hovers momentarily on a widened horizon, it is surprising to see anyone enter a cinema (except to get out of the rain), and it is odd to find that more good films are shown in London during June, July and August than in any other three months of the year. In the past ten days we have been privileged to watch four commendable films (two of them excellent); and this, as anyone who sees a dozen motion-pictures a year will know, is more than remarkable: it is a phenomenon equivalent to a couple of solar eclipses in a week. *The Story of Louis Pasteur* set out to be a good film—and succeeded; *Fury*, directed by Fritz Lang with a healthy sociological purpose in view and an eye on the box-office, has made the best of both worlds by almost fusing the two. As cunningly cut as the Pasteur film, but surer in detail, it gives the public a drama with a moral, rather than uplift plus excitement. The cinema—an art produced by the many for the many—depicts mob psychology or the simpler emotions of the normal man more convincingly than it portrays the idiosyncrasy or genius of the individual. This generalisation has become particularly true since the movies began to talk; it may be roughly tested by comparing the great Russian silent pictures with the UFA films of fantasy and aberration; and in some measure it accounts for the strange fact that, despite the star system, good novels almost invariably make bad films. The lowest common denominator of human emotions—assessed on the average cash-value of a seat at the cinema—is the stuff films are made of.

Fury is a harrowing and stirring picture to see. On his way across country to visit his fiancée, the hero (Spencer Tracy) is suddenly arrested, detained on a charge of kidnapping, and refused permission to communicate with the outside world lest he should warn his accomplices. Despite the determined efforts of the sheriff and his men to protect him, an excited mob sets fire to the city jail and stones the prisoner at his cell window. He is presumed killed when, at the approach of troops, a stick of dynamite is hurled into the blazing building. He escapes. His dramatic return to life startles his brothers and every member of the audience; from the world at large and from his fiancée it is kept a secret. He is obsessed with a savage desire to bring his tormentors to justice. A news-reel cameraman has taken a film of the outrage. Twenty-two members of the crowd that stormed the jail are thereby identified. The State prosecutes these wretches for murder—and wins its case.

Except for the usual abrupt and sticky ending—the parting shot of idealism triumphant, satisfactory in itself but choked and faltering—the last third of this film is as impressive as the first. But half-way through we settle down to listen in a courtroom to the wrangling of lawyers—and find ourselves watching an ordinary talkie. The perambulatory histrionics of American attorneys may photograph comparatively well, and clearly here the whole film hangs on the issue of an interesting case, but the law, alas, is long-winded: on the screen legal proceedings smack of the theatre and the movie camera cannot look in on them for more than a moment without becoming prosy.

On the other hand, Lang's direction of the mob-scenes is magnificent: he gives us a graphic presentation of hatred flaring like a fuse, the animal exultation of men in the mass, the joy of blood-lust. There is one long, tense, tracking shot, ahead of the thundering crowd, the camera leading, to the steps of the city hall guarded by a handful of silent men, which is superb. So is the acting of Spencer Tracy; he has never done anything better than his work in this film.

The Phantom Gondola is also a film of vengeance and violence. It is exquisitely photographed and ineffably silly. Maurice Dekobra's tawdry little novel is the excuse—a very poor excuse—for a series of enchanting picture-postcards of the warm South, from Venice to Istanbul. A baron wrecks a troop-train to avenge his sister's long-lost honour—but misses his man, a licentious pasha, killing instead an army-corps of no doubt equally brutal soldiery. Alone of the cast, Roger Karl acts well as the pasha. Once again, as in *Barcarole*, he is a bad man with whom one has the fullest sympathy and although he dies of snake-bite, the film ends delightfully with the execution of his enemy, the hero, and a worse fate for Lady Wynham, the elegant spy.

Janosik is a film of movement and highland scenery revolving about the romantic figure of Czechoslovakia's national hero, a Robin Hood of the eighteenth century who, to avenge peasant wrongs, organised a band of brigands to harry the rich, thereby pointing the road to freedom. The photography of this film is at its best when least ambitious; it is then excellent, for the mountainous vicinity of Terchov and Levoc and the market-place of this latter town provide a beautiful setting for the skirmishes of bandits and militiamen. Palo Bielik has a long, sensitive nose which, as Janosik, he audaciously thumbs at the nobles—with just the right degree of astounding success . . . until he is captured and killed. A brisk film with an effective ending.

JOHN MARKS

ONE WAY OUT

WE were taking a load of convalescents to Trouville. It was April, 1918, and we had been running backwards and forwards pretty steadily, trying to empty the casualty clearing stations before the Germans captured them. That night we had an off-load from the base hospitals—men who had not been lucky enough to lose an arm or leg or to be so badly gassed that they could not be patched up at Etaples or Bologne and be ready after a fortnight's rest to go up the line again. Most of them had hoped they were "blighty" cases and few expected to survive another push. The walking cases climbed into the green coaches of the old French ambulance train without much talk. They were soon asleep, falling across each other on the bottom bunks. The stretcher cases lay above them, their dolly bags under their pillows, their boots, hitched by the laces, swinging at their feet, and the old army blankets hanging down like dingy flags while the train jolted and screamed over the neglected lines.

I noticed one patient particularly. His eyes were so remote, his melancholy so intense and the great puckered scar in his throat so vivid that he was remarkable even among those melancholy and scarred men. "He really got it in the neck,"

I thought as I started to copy the details from his medical card for the office roll. But his "wound or disease" proved to be "M.D." Yes a mental case, Church of England, name of Tuke. Even then I did not realise the meaning of his scar. He slept more soundly than the others, doped at the hospital, I fancy, to keep him quiet for the night.

It was early when I woke him for breakfast. He took his mug of tea and asked where we were taking him. His voice was as flat and desolate as Flanders itself. I said we were going to Trouville. "I'm not," he said. It was an odd statement, but not one to take any account of. You couldn't follow your fancy where you detrained during the war. "It's not a bad sort of place," I said to comfort him, and passed on to fill up other mugs. I had reached the far end of the coach before I noticed that Tuke had got up and gone to one of the doors. Now there were three doors out on to the line. Each had two fastenings, a handle and a safety catch lower down. You could not open the door except by undoing both simultaneously. I put down the jug of tea and walked over to Tuke, who seemed at first simply to be looking out of the window. But while one hand was ostentatiously free, the other, hidden by his body, was on the handle and his knee was slowly edging the lower catch out of its socket. I told him to get back to his breakfast, and he sat down again without a word. That was the first time. I woke Jacob, my ward mate, who was finishing his half-night's sleep, and explained matters to him. I turned round just in time: Tuke was trying another door. I stopped him there, and Jacob tumbled out of his bunk and got between him and the third door.

In those days trains were not fast. We had another five or six hours to go. We remonstrated with Tuke. He did not speak except once to repeat with utter deliberation, "I'm not going there." He was wrong. We got him to Trouville alive. But as there were three doors and only two of us to guard them the journey seemed long. If we tied a door, he set to work to untie it. If we stopped him he went to another. Hour after hour we followed Tuke round that long railway coach. He did not hurry, he did not talk, he was never violent. He tried the doors in rotation and sometimes the windows. We said nothing either. We moved as he moved, prisoners on a silent treadmill, playing a game of postman's knock. The other patients took no part: dying was not far off anyway: and it was not their business if Tuke wished to anticipate the General Staff.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Insect Play" at the Little Theatre

Mr. Capek's play wears well and the present moment is very opportune for its revival. The parallel between the ant-heap and modern Europe is even more vivid now than it was at the date of the first production, while if the poor beetle loses his pile somewhat more frequently these days, the satire is even more pointed. Mr. Capek has the rare quality of seeing his vision and seeing it whole. If in these days, when the scientists have wrecked a good many people's happiness by their demolition of a future life (with a compensating rise in Beverley Nichols, Ltd.), we can find someone who can put death in its proper relation to life and see that happiness is achieved by what the individual makes of himself, then we should welcome the philosophy he brings us. In addition his characters are so well observed, the cruelty and futility of much of the world so clearly etched, that the fact that there is no action in the play passes almost unnoticed. The dramatic quality of the work lies in its essential truth, and it is here that the "Morality," which is as good a name for this type of play as it ever was, wins theatrically from Mr. Auden's essays in the same manner. The performance, if in some respects not as good as the Regent Theatre production—the dresses seemed more garish and one missed Miss Elsa Lanchester's ghoulish performance as the Larva—was on a pretty high level. Mr. Edmund Willard's tramp has the humanity and kindly humour the part demands; Mr. Bromley-Davenport is admirable as Mr. Beetle, touching as the Wood-cutter. Mr. Wilfred Fletcher as the Butterfly dude, and later as Mr. Ichneumen,

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gave two brilliant sketches, while Miss May Hallatt as Mrs. Beetle and Miss Joyce Redman as poor suburban Mrs. Cricket were as good as could be. Only Mr. Bobby Rietti as the Chrysalis failed entirely. This sponsor of unborn hopes is there to remind us of the reality that often waits round the corner for ambition and the mood of exaltation in which the part is conceived is particularly difficult to put over. But the impression achieved is different and very unpleasant. If this is what my Cleopatras and Rosalinds were like in Shakespeare's day, then we must revise our opinion of the taste of Elizabethan audiences.

Ballets de Monte Carlo, at the Alhambra

Don Juan, the new ballet at the Alhambra, would make a very pleasant, if unduly long, item in one of Mr. Cochran's revues. Many of the costumes are extremely effective, the scenery is in the best sense theatrical, and the music, written by Gluck for a ballet on this subject, is most agreeable. Nor is it reasonable to object that in this entertainment there is more mime than dancing. The trouble is that the mime is woefully conventional: there is never a gesture which by its unexpected rightness gives you a shock of pleasure. The most ambitious effect in the ballet is also the most unsuccessful: a horde of dancers, dressed very feebly as Furies or whatnots, torment the dying Don with grotesque leaps and tearing hands. We do not believe ourselves to be aesthetically Jingo, but how miserably this compares with the somewhat similar scene in the Ashton-Lambert-Beaton *Apparitions* at Sadler's Wells. After *Don Juan* we were given *Epreuve d'Amour*, which gains with familiarity. The choreography contains many charming details, and the costumes are some of the most beautiful of our time. *Sylphides*, under the direction of M. Fokine, the inventor of this incomparable ballet, has a delicacy not seen elsewhere. The new *pas seul* for the *premier danseur* is not so felicitous as the original dance, but the details of the production are beautifully polished. Every movement of the *corps de ballet* was a proof of M. Fokine's vigilant discipline, and the orchestra was distinctly good. However often you have seen *Sylphides*, this production is a great delight.

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Winifred Nicholson at the Leicester Galleries

Exhausted by the effort to decipher Señor Dali's tormented enigmas at the Lefèvre and Mr. Stanley Spencer's bluff allegories at Tooth's, the connoisseur who is so unusual as to like painting for painting's sake can take refuge with Winifred Nicholson's pictures at the Leicester Galleries. (Even here he will have to penetrate a violent barrage from Monsieur James Ensor—a forerunner, we are told, of Surrealism but also an honourable and highly accomplished, though not very engaging, artist.) Mrs. Nicholson's pictures are a touch too "drawing-room"; gay and decorative, but unliterary and, thank goodness, without pretentions to virility. They are, however, less slight than they may at first appear. Her vision is personal, her design decisive, her colour delicate, and her texture unobtrusively solid. Painted evidently for the most part near the Mediterranean, these pictures are covetable for the light they so elegantly have commandeered. One would like to take a couple of them home, and familiarity, we fancy, would breed the reverse of contempt.

Mr. Robin Darwin at Agnew's

Mr. Robin Darwin is holding an exhibition of paintings of scenes from the Russian Ballet. He has had permission from Colonel de Basil's company to sit and paint in the wings and to attend rehearsals. For the most part he has been compelled to work at high pressure, to catch that first fine careless rapture as the dancer is poised on her toes in the middle or at the end of her dance. In some of his paintings, such as his study of the Can-Can dance in *Boutique Fantasque* and in *Mlle. Danilova and M. Massine in "le Beau Danube,"* he achieves a lively and convincing impression of the atmosphere of Covent Garden. But he is apt frequently to degenerate into overstatement, leaving nothing to the imagination, and some of his impressionistic studies are almost vulgar in their attempt to produce the desirable effect. In the *Lovers' Dance in "Jardin Publique"* for instance, the effect is ruined by dramatisation: the painting of the clothes and Halicka's red background is in the most violent style of Van Gogh with none of Van Gogh's command over form and composition. The painting of Verchinina in the second movement of *Choreartium* is unrestrained, bogus and superficial. One is left with the impression that Mr. Darwin has great facility in transferring a fleeting impression on to his canvas, but that his facility is his greatest enemy. There are indications in his more careful studies that Mr. Darwin might possibly develop into an honourable disciple of Degas. No. 21, entitled *Resting*, has some good drawing in the neck and shoulder of the dancer and the position of the dancer's head is well observed. The exhibition as a whole is worth seeing, because many of the exhibits are charming and one or two wholly delightful; and painters who visit the exhibition will be impressed by Mr. Darwin's clever manipulation of paint, and his use of pearl greys and yellow ochre has an originality of its own.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, July 3rd—
- Seeing London Tours in Aid of King Edward's Hospital Fund. Windsor Castle and St. George's Chapel, 3. Tickets (7s. 6d.) obtainable from the Secretary.
- International Congress of the World Fellowship of Faiths, Queen's Hall, 8. Also on July 6th, 9th and 17th.
- "A Bride for the Unicorn," Westminster Theatre.

SATURDAY, July 4th—
- Week-end Airways Conference, Godstone, Surrey. Information obtainable from F.P.S.I., 475 Oxford Street, W.1.
- Children's Matinée of Ballet, Covent Garden.
- Country Dance Party, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, July 5th—
- Moritz J. Bonn on "Peaceful Change," Conway Hall, 11.
- Ben Bradley on "The Mandatory System of the League of Nations," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.
- "Rich Man, Poor Man," Arts Theatre.

MONDAY, July 6th—
- Meeting to Organise a Peace Council in Finchley, Granville Hall, Granville Road, N.12, 8.
- "The Student of Prague," Everyman Cinema.

TUESDAY, July 7th—
- Rev. Theodore C. Hume on "Pacifist Perplexities," Friends' House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Meeting to Urge the Government to support the Covenant of the League of Nations. Speech by Viscount Cecil, Up School, Westminster, Little Dean's Yard, 8.

THURSDAY, July 9th—
- "Blackbirds," Gaiety Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I AM one of the diminishing band who dearly love a Bishop. And are they not remarkably imposing, in gilt frames on the linenfold panelling of College Halls, the Prelates of the Establishment, girt in the billowing majesty of rochet and chimere? One may perhaps sometimes be reminded—how inappropriately!—of glorious specimens of trout or salmon, preserved, for their superior size, by the art of the taxidermist; for these spiritual peers have an uncommonly well-fed look. And well they might have, since their revenues were princely. They could not compete, of course, with the Prince-Bishops of the Continent. Lambeth and Farnham cut a poor figure in comparison with Wurzburg or Saverne, and I think no English prelate boasted a hunt of his own as well as an official mistress, like the Rohan Cardinal-Archbishop of Strasbourg. But Winchester carried with it £50,000 a year, in days when money went farther than it does now, and an absentee Bishop of Derry could extract from the starving Catholic peasantry of his diocese £20,000 a year to spend on Continental travel and bogus Old Masters.

* * *

In the nineteenth century the Bishoprics were less frequently accaparated by the cadets of the great ruling families, and more regard was had to the appearances of piety. Had not the French Revolution exposed open irreligion as a grave danger to property? But the Bishops remained very rich—and very conservative. By voice and vote they resisted every possible reform, such as Catholic Emancipation, the admission of Dissenters to the University, the Jews' Disabilities Bills, the Great Reform Bill, successive attempts to repeal the Corn Laws, and Home Rule Bills. Humane legislation, that did not gravely affect the landed interest, did not usually excite their violent antagonism: they were content to absent themselves, much to Lord Shaftesbury's indignation. But they voted against abolishing the death penalty for theft, and, of course, against the opening of museums on Sunday. Indeed it is difficult to discover any reform, until recently, in which they took an active part. Can one wonder that Carlyle called them "stupid, fetid animals in cauliflower wigs and clean lawn sleeves, Bishops, I say, of the Devil—not of God—obscure creatures, parading between men's eyes and the eternal Light of Heaven"? All that is now changed. Gone are the princely incomes, the princely palaces are meagrely maintained or put to other uses, the tables no longer groan under massy viands, the cellars are widowed of their ancient wines. The last Bishop, I think, to boast of noble blood has just died, and even the traditional glories of classical scholarship are feebly represented on the Episcopal bench. Our Bishops are become administrators, Marthas too much burdened with diocesan business to linger over the fine points of an Eclogue or even of a Burgundy. A Chichester, who can write, and write admirably, a vast biography, is almost unique. Even the delights of controversy are smothered in the press of keeping solvent a church with diminishing returns. A Birmingham, believing less than has been customary for Bishops, may feel obliged to attack those of his poorer clergy who have the temerity to believe too much, but the Bench as a whole has wisely accepted the comprehensiveness of the Establishment, and agree that the Prayer Book with its Catholic Liturgy and Protestant Articles was designed to include a variety of beliefs. It is now almost as safe (except in so far as preferment is concerned) to adore the Sacrament as to question the Divinity of Christ. And with decreased revenues has come a decreasing conservatism: there is probably not a Bishop in the House who does not deplore the political record of his predecessors. They are anxious now in the interest of better housing, of democracy, of peace. But while their enlightenment has increased, their influence and stature have dwindled. How many Bishops are there whose names even are known to the general public? But the prelates of the nineteenth century were among the most curious figures of that enigmatic age. Consider the frigid Howley, the pugnacious Phillpotts, the logical Whately, the politic Blomfield, the eloquent Magee, the learned Stubbs, the adroit and humane Wilberforce, the devout King, the intellectual Creighton, the apostolic Selwyn, the Erastian Tate, the ceremonious Benson, the autocratic Temple, the sagacious Davidson—they are men salient by their energy and singularised by their characters. The inevitable contest between the ideals of the Gospel and the requirements of ecclesiastical statesmanship gives to their lives a peculiar and ironic interest. The contest, it is true, was usually unconscious, for awkward scruples may well find a sedative in the exquisite atmosphere of an English cathedral. The silvery intoning of Canons and the dulcet concent of choir and organ purify prayers and hymns from any over-urgent meaning; in so general a manner and so sonorous a prose do we confess our sins that they scarcely seem sinful; and the flawlessly performed ceremonial, stripped of the symbolism which gives to the most pompous Roman function an awful significance, seems designed to transport us into an ideally comfortable world, where there is nothing disquieting, unseemly or actual.

* * *

The life of a great Victorian Bishop has just been written by an American member of his family (*Connop Thirlwall* by John Connop Thirlwall, Jr., S.P.C.K., 12*s.* 6*d.*). Born in 1797, the son of a curate, he was comparable in precocity with J. S. Mill, for he read Latin at three, Greek at four, and when he was eleven a volume of his verses, moral tales and sermons was published and enjoyed very favourable notice. Charterhouse, Trinity, Cambridge, and a Continental tour during which he came under the influence of Baron Bunsen continued his education. He was called to the Bar, and showed his interest in advanced biblical criticism by translating Schleiermacher's *Luke*. In 1827 he was ordained, in order to retain his Trinity fellowship, and returned to the College, where he guided the steps of Monckton Milnes, and the first "Apostles," Tennyson, Hallam, Stanley and Maurice. Unorthodox, and at this time only dubiously a Christian, he was inspired by a fiery love neither of God nor of his fellow-men, he merely required leisure to write. "Society," he explained, "possesses two or three strong stiff frames, in which all persons of liberal education who need and desire a fixed place and specific designation must consent to be set." This view of the Church as a gentlemanly career was not unusual, but soon he gave real ground for complaint. A pamphlet in favour of the admission of Dissenters to the University, in which he attacked compulsory chapel, infuriated the orthodox. Christopher Wordsworth, the Master of Trinity, demanded his resignation with what Macaulay called "unutterable baseness and dirtiness." Thirlwall obeyed, but was swiftly rewarded by the Whig Government with a rich living, and devoted himself to writing a history of Greece. (Grote was simultaneously at work on the same task, and the respective merits of the two histories were energetically canvassed. To-day they appear almost equally unreadable.) In 1840 Melbourne gave Thirlwall the Bishopric of St. Davids, to the consternation of conservative churchmen. He was a good scholar in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Dutch, Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese, and now he learnt Welsh, the first occupant of his See since the Reformation to attempt this very necessary task.

* * *

His biographer admirably sums up his career:

> Practical irony dominated Thirlwall's life as it filled his writings. He was morally forced into the four "frames of society" which he filled. Hating the law, he studied it for six years; contemptuous of the clerical profession, he took Orders to teach at Cambridge; not designed for parochial work, he was given a fat benefice after his expulsion from Cambridge: Liberal in politics and unorthodox in theology, he was induced to abandon all his scholarly productivity for a bishopric in the National Church.

In his earlier years he seems to have seen in Christianity little more than the philosophy of his favourite Cicero purveyed in

a form more effective and possibly more refined. And he never attained any feeling for the mysteries of the Faith. (But I think, from his writings, that he later came sincerely to a more definite churchmanship than his biographer allows.) Thus admirably suited to the Established Church of the eighteenth century, he found himself rather isolated in his own time. As a diocesan he was unsuccessful. The Welsh clergy and parishioners were unintellectual, ungentlemanly, and often drunk. "His horror of the manners of his flock soon grew into a horror of their persons, and, brutally frank as he was, he took small pains to conceal his contempt." The story went that the Bishop was accompanied by a large dog trained to know and bite curates. Freezing and repellent to men who did not share his intellectual interests, he was devoted to animals and children, and walked out in the harshest weather to feed his favourite geese. The last years of his life were sweetened by a friendship with a charming and accomplished girl, Miss Betha Johnes, and a selection of his letters to her, edited after his death by Dean Stanley under the title, *Letters to a Friend*, may be recommended as remarkably agreeable reading to anyone interested in the Victorian *Stimmung*. He never married, and almost the only personage to excite him to passionate admiration was Alexander the Great; but the Bishop of Winchester wrote of him that "for all the vast power and intellect which he possessed, and that habit of speaking strongly which he sometimes exhibited, his heart showed all the feelings, almost the sensitiveness, of a woman." Above all, his was the saving, if unchristian, grace of irony. The story remains of a dinner-party at which his neighbour had to repeat some banal remarks several times before it penetrated to Thirlwall's failing ears. "When the Bishop finally grasped the remark, he dignified it by remarking *sotto voce* 'Strange, how little one loses by being deaf!'"

* * *

Thirlwall succeeded the casual Bathurst and anticipated the strenuous Percival, as a solitary supporter of Liberalism on the Bench of Bishops. Alone among them he supported in 1845 the Maynooth Grant; alone he voted in 1869 for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. His maiden speech in 1841 was in favour of the admission of Jews to civil rights, and he was more tolerant than most of his fellows even of the Tractarians, though he voted for Dizzy's foolish Public Worship Regulation Act. Mr. Gladstone, despite his detestation of Latitudinarianism, declared that his was "one of the most masculine, powerful, and luminous intellects that have for generations been known among the Bishops of England." The annual charges with which he bewildered the bucolic clergy of his diocese were widely prized as the most weighty and thoughtful of episcopal utterances. They are read now by only the most determined of antiquaries. The tolerance which was the positive contribution of Broad Churchmen like Thirlwall, Stanley, Arnold and Hare, has triumphed, but they are disqualified for the sympathy of most Anglicans by their blindness to the poetry and pragmatic efficacy of the traditional Christian mysteries. What Thirlwall would have considered superstition has proved more fruitful in works than his respectable rationalism. And Bishops, who outdo him in Latitudinarianism, are now happy to be censed and to vest themselves in mitre and cope or even chasuble. This scholarly, well-written and well-proportioned *Life* of Thirlwall therefore appears (as indeed did Thirlwall himself) fifty years too late. Lancelot and Pelleas and Pellenore are hardly more remote from us than Hoadly and Harcourt, Phillpotts and Thirlwall. But does not this remoteness lend to the majesty of lawn sleeves a new and as it were romantic charm? Mrs. Proudie in her crinoline is evidently picturesque, and I suggest to Mr. Ashton that he make a ballet of *Barchester Towers*. Now, when the literature of escape is more than ever necessary, how soothing to take refuge among faded controversies in the company of these extinct but thoughtful, vigorous, and dignified mammoths.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

NEW NOVELS

The Coolie. By MULK RAJ ANAND. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 7s. 6d.

The Gilt Kid. By JAMES CURTIS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Cathedral Close. By SUSAN GOODYEAR. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

Career. By PHIL STONG. *Barker.* 7s. 6d.

The Last Enemy. By L. A. G. STRONG. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Loveday's Little Outing. By EVELYN WAUGH. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.

An Oxfordshire preparatory school, an English cathedral close, an American middle-Western town, the slums of Pimlico and a great stretch of the Indian peninsular help to make up the somewhat bewildering background of the first five novels; while Mr. Evelyn Waugh concludes the list with a collection of characteristic short stories. On the whole, India emerges most vividly. If I had read only the first two hundred and fifty pages of Mr. Mulk Raj Anand's book I should have felt that, excepting always *A Passage to India* and *Hindu Holiday*, it was the best book dealing with modern India that I had yet seen and that it bridged a huge gap which those admirable novels left entirely unexplored. As it is—even though I found the last chapters extremely heavy going and it seemed to me that their effect was to weaken the very startling impression made by the earlier episodes—I still think that *The Coolie* is an unusually interesting work, considered both as a novel and as a piece of vigorous propaganda which arm-chair patriots, who imagine that discontent among native races under British rule is invariably attributable to the machinations of salaried Communist agitators, would do well to take to heart. *The Coolie* is a study of destitution. It describes the career of a young Indian peasant who becomes domestic drudge and general whipping-boy in the household of a prosperous Babu clerk, employed by an English bank. Here he falls foul of a shrewish and vindictive housewife; and his next job turns up at a ramshackle pickle-and-essence factory, hidden away among the reeking lanes and courtyards of a feudal Indian town. But the factory fails and its proprietor, who has befriended Munoo, is ruined. Munoo moves to Bombay, where he experiences the worst horrors of Eastern industrial life and encounters a peculiarly repellent Englishman. The contrast between native industrialism—as exemplified by the squalid happy-go-lucky pickle factory—and industrial organisation of the kind from which Munoo suffers in the cotton mills of Bombay is very forcibly brought out. Mr. Anand spares us no detail of the appalling conditions amid which the unhappy mill-workers are condemned to live—the big dilapidated insanitary tenements and the leaky straw huts, surrounded by the filth and detritus of an industrial landscape:

> On the plain, cut in two by the parallel lines of a narrow-gauge railway, were scattered rusty rails, heaps of dead coal, and all the refuse which the factory emitted. Under cover of these and of the deep pits and puddles of mud into which the feet sank and stuck, at little distances, sat men relieving themselves. And on the even surfaces, fuel cakes of cow-dung dried and festered with a stink that was unbearable.

The background of Mr. Anand's novel is more distinct than the characters themselves; though Munoo—unlike some of the subsidiary personages—is an interesting and, at times, a moving creation. But it is as a social document that *The Coolie* will attract most readers. Here is a glimpse of an India whose existence the average Englishman—his imagination coloured by an early enthusiasm for *Kim* and *Plain Tales from the Hills*—may never have suspected. *The Coolie* is India seen third-class—a continent whose bleakness, vastness and poverty are unshaded by a touch of the glamour, more or less fictitious, that so many English story-tellers, from Kipling to Major Yeats-Brown, have preferred to draw across the scene. We should be doing Mr. Anand an injustice if we regarded *The Coolie* as propaganda pure and simple: but the propagandist element is extremely strong. The style is very often a little clumsy; but it is as energetic and straightforward as passion can make it.

The Gilt Kid portrays an outcast of a different type. It is an English gangster-story; but, although the publisher's blurb suggests that the book owes nothing to previous American models, the comparison, I am afraid, cannot be avoided. And it is not entirely to Mr. Curtis's advantage. How much better (I found myself reflecting) W. R. Burnett would have done this and this! And why is it that *The Gilt Kid* stands in the same rather uneasy relation to *Little Caesar*, say, or *The Maltese Falcon*, as a competent

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British film to a really efficient and fast-moving gangster-picture turned out by a Hollywood studio? It is unfortunate, moreover, that English crooks should apparently have borrowed a great deal of their professional idiom from American gangster dialect; for these derivations give them a somewhat second-hand air. But the general effect of the book is brisk and readable; while the detailed account of a cat-burglary is extremely exciting.

Mr. Anand and Mr. Curtis deal with individuals: Mr. Stong and Mrs. Goodyear are mainly concerned with the existence of communities. To the ordinary outsider, the life of an English cathedral close is as mysterious as that of any lamasery; and in *Cathedral Close* he will find a fascinating picture of this secretive sacerdotal world—its intrigues, its dissensions and its high politics. More temperate than Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mrs. Goodyear does not credit her church dignitaries with all the passions of an Elizabethan melodrama, and show her canons and deans hating, plotting and indulging in sadistic day-dreams against a background of grey stone and virginal green leaf. Her methods of description are unpretentious; but, having learned that Mrs. Jordans was one of those women "who insist on offering a helping hand before a need is felt" and that the Bishop's wife, Mrs. Nugent, was "a gentle, elderly woman with a nervous manner, but a courage and devotion to her husband so great that she spoke, badly, on every platform where she was invited, and performed every duty he felt she owed to her position with what calm she could command and in agonies of shyness that did not seem to grow less with long experience," I realise that they have taken shape in my imagination. It seems a pity, however, that Mrs. Goodyear should have embellished the latter part of her narrative with an exceedingly far-fetched and unnecessarily cumbrous plot. *Career* is somewhat less interesting. It is the study of a small American town, and of two worthy citizens, father and son, who represent all that is best in its corporate life. The father saves his fellow-citizens from financial ruin; but this heroic action costs his own fortune and his son's happiness.

Career is a mildly sentimental book; and more than a trace of sentimentality clings to Mr. L. A. G. Strong's new novel, *The Last Enemy*. Who or what is the last enemy of the title? Death itself, as we are inclined to think at one moment? Or that concentration of stupidity and malignity—"*la bêtise au front du taureau*"—which engenders strife and bloodshed, and which the hero thinks that he has recognised in the sergeant whom he encounters when he is undergoing a particularly unpleasant medical examination during the war. Half the story centres round Denis's experiences on this occasion and with an account of his state of mind during and after an uproarious drunken party, from which he emerges feeling somehow a new man: the latter half has to do with his life as a schoolmaster after the war—with a scandal and a suicide that robs him of his best friend—with a love affair and, finally, with his own death, which occurs just when his love affair is on the point of reaching its consummation. Though the story is capably told, the impressions that it leaves behind are strangely unsatisfactory; while dissatisfaction sometimes gives place to acute embarrassment. Muddled mysticism, male virginity and an English preparatory school combine to produce a slightly uncomfortable atmosphere.

Lastly, the cynical ebullience of Mr. Evelyn Waugh. At this stage it is unnecessary to describe the quality of Mr. Waugh's very individual and always very stimulating brand of humour; and I must confine myself to remarking that, although his collection of short stories does not show Mr. Waugh at his very best, it is good enough to provide continuous entertainment. *Mr. Loveday's Little Outing* contains a number of agreeable short stories, most of them slight but all diverting in their own way. It also includes an alternative ending to his last novel, *A Handful of Dust*, that personally I found much more appropriate than the published version.

PETER QUENNELL

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This is the second little book Miss Waddell has dug out of the *Vitae Patrum*. *Beasts and Saints* was an aesthetic whole: *The Desert Fathers*, wider in scope, is rather scrappy, and introduced in a manner not plain enough to suit the text. There ends all fault-finding. Miss Waddell has compiled an admirable little treasury of sayings and stories, intended to show that the anchorite was not necessarily a repulsive lunatic. His austerities, in the first place, have been made too much of.

> The Abbot Joseph asked the Abbot Pastor, saying, "How should one fast?" And the Abbot Pastor said, "I would have it so that every day one should deny oneself a little in eating, so as not to be satisfied." . . . "But when thou wast a young man, didst thou not fast two days and upwards?" . . . "Two days, believe me, and three, and a week: but all these things did the great old men bring to proof . . . and they have shown us this master road, for it is easy and light."

It had no doubt proved more favourable alike to health, perseverance and humility. Extreme rigour, however, *might* be praiseworthy; to insist on one's rule among strangers was ill-bred. One ascetic, visiting a Father with some other pilgrims, refused to eat broth:

> And when they got up from table, the old man took him aside and said to him, "Brother, if thou comest to anyone, do not show off to him thy way of life: if thou dost wish to keep to thine own way, abide in thy cell and go nowhere out from it." And he accepted the words of the old man. . . .

These "great old men" had, it seems, exquisite manners, and not a little quiet subtlety. For instance: it is told of Macarius that he was, *par exception*, given to showing off. Hearing of a monastery with a special name for austerities, he got himself admitted incognito, and set about beating the monks at their own game. They were regrettably furious at this display, and complained to their abbot, who, after reflection, guessed the identity of the visitor.

> He went to find him, led him by the hand to his private oratory, and there kissed him and greeted him by name, gently reproaching him for his efforts at disguise from one who had for many years desired to see him. "I give thee thanks that thou hast clouted the ears of these youngsters of mine, and put the conceit out of them. Now, therefore, return to the place from whence thou camest: we have all been sufficiently edified by thee: and pray for us."

It is a charming improvement on Mr. Bennet's "You have delighted us long enough."

The good breeding of the desert was fundamental, and merged into a rare goodness, scarcely distinguishable from it except by the importance of the occasion. For instance: the Abbot Achilles received a visit from three younger monks, one of whom "was ill spoken of." At different times, each of the three asked

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him to make them a fishing-net as a memento; the first two he refused, but when the third asked him, he agreed immediately.

> Then the first two . . . asked him privately, "How was it that thou wouldst not make it for us when we asked thee, and yet saidst to this man, 'I shall make it for thee'?" And the old man made answer, "I said to you, 'I shall not do it, because I have not time,' and ye were not grieved: but if I did not do it for this man, he would say, 'The old man has heard about me, that I have an ill name, and for this reason he would not make the net.'"

From the behaviour of the Abbot Achilles it is an easy transition to the story of two brothers, one of whom, having fallen into temptation, despaired, and was about to throw up all attempt at holiness. The other, "anxious to help him," promptly accused himself of the same fault.

> "So it happened with me. . . . But let us go, and do penance together . . . and God will forgive us, that are sinful men." And they came back to the monastery . . . and the one began his penance, not for himself but for his brother, as if he himself had sinned.

Miss Waddell is inclined to reopen the question whether this ascetic life was, on the whole, "a good thing." But there is really no answer. It had its virtues; it appears to have shone in the social virtues one would least expect of it. Many of the stories about it are charming, while one or two, hinting at the rewards of asceticism, are impressive in their extreme quietness.

> A brother went to the cell of the Abbot Arsenius in Scete, and looked through the window, and saw the old man as it were one flame: now, the brother was worthy to look upon such things. And after he had knocked, the old man came out, and saw the brother as one amazed, and said to him, "Hast thou been knocking here for long? Hast thou seen aught?" And he answered, "No." And he talked with him, and sent him away.

But, of course, the other side remains. It is conveyed as gently as possible in this sad little tale:

> An old man had lived long in the desert, and it chanced that a brother came to see him, and found him ill. And he washed his face and made him a meal of the things he had brought with him. And when the old man saw it, he said, "Indeed, brother, I had forgotten what solace men may have in food." He offered him also a cup of wine. And when he saw it, he wept, saying, "I had not thought to drink wine until I died."

K. JOHN

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Bali and Angkor. By GEOFFREY GORER. *Joseph.* 16*s.*

Papuan Wonderland. By J. G. HIDES. *Blackie.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Gorer's sub-title asserts that his book looks at life and death. It is a pity, therefore, that the book begins so badly with fifty-three pages of matter recording the fact that Sumatra and Java are not very interesting. The spiritless writing of these pages caused me to doubt Mr. Gorer's right to be discussing such things as the theatre, music and other arts of these islands.

Bali, however, awakened Mr. Gorer's abilities, and in the sixty pages he gives to it one perceives his excitement, and occasionally, his penetration. Even here he can be very exasperating, as in his remarks about music. "The Balinese tone-scale—I write under correction—is the tonic, though on occasion they use a four-note scale," is sufficiently obscure, but he at once adds:

> Formally it is of the greatest complexity, employing such devices as the double and triple fugue, and a rather complicated variation of the sonata form.

The author has confessed ignorance of the technique of music, but even supposing him to have been told this by a musical scholar, it is still infuriating to be left with an assertion at once so bald and so far-reaching. The offence is greater because the book professedly deals with the relation of art and religion to one another, and to life and death.

It is in this chapter that Mr. Gorer lays down the groundwork of his philosophy, and he does it with a proposition of such banal crudity that I hesitate to paraphrase it. "I wish to suggest, as a hypothesis, that man is a machine with two functions. The best analogy which presents itself to me is that of a radio-gramophone . . . and can either make music with things (wax discs) or pick music out of the air." Europeans are gramophones, but in some other places men are radios, that is to say, they have religious experiences and produce art. Mr. Gorer advances what he calls his theory modestly and tentatively. He finds it hard to define "being a radio," but he thinks that "the mind is always potentially a source of energy, and that by special training this energy can be enormously increased in power." He proposes calling this energy M.E., to stand for Mental, or Mystical Energy.

He says that the elaboration of this theory has been one of his incentives in writing this book; that must be its defence, I think. However, Mr. Gorer has much beauty to describe and the ability to ask the right questions. Brief as it is, I shall remember his description of the trance dancing of the little girls in the Sang-yang ceremony. It is a strange and fascinating picture he presents. Perhaps because I was accustomed to Mr. Gorer's disconcerting methods by then, I found the chapter on Angkor more interesting. Angkor moves him to a long disquisition on Death and the Plastic Arts, in which he decides, not improbably, that Angkor is the product of an opium-soaked civilisation. To those who like a highly personal account of travel, spiced with very individual statement, I cautiously recommend the book.

Mr. Hides has written a very different sort of book, and after making all the translation of values necessary, I am sure it is a better one than Mr. Gorer's. It is a simple record of a six months' journey of exploration, from the mouth of the Fly River into the interior of Papua, twice crossing the great Limestone Barrier with an eventual emergence at the Kikori delta. Mr. Hides' merits are not those of style, yet I am quite certain that this is a thoroughly good piece of writing about an exciting journey. At times, indeed, it rises to its theme with surprising power. His description of the crossing of the "broken bottle" country gripped me, and no less effective is his account of the sudden flood in the Iehi gorge. These are good, but more admirable is the way Mr. Hides makes one feel the strain of that endless journey through a dense and hostile cannibal population. His book is free from the faults one might reasonably expect in the work of a patrol officer, for Mr. Hides impresses one with the generosity of his mind and his deep and humane understanding of the primitive mind. I have read most of the psychological treatises on the primitive mind, but there is one phenomenon which Mr. Hides converted from dead knowledge to imaginative life. In the long account of his passage down the Purari and Kikori rivers he made me feel the incalculable nature of the hostile emotion. At one moment the natives would be warmly affectionate, at the next and for no apparent reason, the forest would be filled with yodelling and invisible warriors, gradually drawing in upon the party. It was a struggle of wills and temperaments, in which the most trivial of acts, like a shout or a whistle, might have vital conse-

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quences, of death or the putting to flight of a horde of enemies. It is a balanced, patient and unshrinking mind which Mr. Hides modestly discloses, and never more impressively than when he describes how, a few hours after a desperate fight with the Injigale tribe, they all sat down together to eat in an atmosphere of genuine friendliness. There are faults of style and occasional triteness of observation in this book, but its authenticity and its human qualities outbalance them. RALPH BATES

MEDIEVAL THOUGHT

A History of Medieval Political Theory in the West: Vol. VI. By R. W. and A. J. CARLYLE. *Blackwood.* 30*s.*

Medieval Representation and Consent. By M. V. CLARKE. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

No one who cares for scholarly achievement can fail to congratulate Dr. Carlyle on the completion of his valuable work. It is forty odd years since he began his task, and over thirty since the first volume was published. Now that it is complete, we are able to say with pride that we have an analysis of medieval political thought more ample, more exact, and more complete than exists in any other language.

It is important to realise just what Dr. Carlyle has done. Essentially, he has written a careful and thorough analysis of the sources. He has taken a series of seminal ideas, kingship, law, representation, and traced their evolution from the end of the Roman republic to the close of the sixteenth century. In the vast canvas he has covered, no writer of any importance has escaped his scrutiny. He is as learned in the early Christian Fathers as in the post-Glossators; he has the same skill in summarising Augustinus Triumphus as in his account of Hooker. No one who has not had to travel over the vast desert he has covered can have any idea of the labour that has gone to the making of this survey. As a guide to, and a summary of, the materials, it is incomparable.

But it is important to realise that it is a survey rather than a critical history that Dr. Carlyle has written. He prefers to analyse, rather than to explain. He does not deal with why men thought what they did, and at the time they thought it. His book is, as it were, a series of static pictures painted at given moments. They are always painted with the scholar's loving care. Yet, in a considerable degree, they lack the vivid pungency of life. They are, as it were, abstracted from their environment. They do not emerge in the full context of the society of which they were the expression. Dr. Carlyle's method involves the sacrifice of the dynamic of history. The student of his Bodin would hardly know that the Angevin lawyer was, in fact, one of the most successful and determined pamphleteers of his age. How deeply Althusius was influenced by Dutch experience of the sixteenth century does not enter into his conception of the way to discuss him. In the result, we have a work that invites the reader to contribute his own valuations and explanations. Dr. Carlyle never obtrudes himself. There is here the material for a philosophy of history; there is no attempt to construct that philosophy. In the majestic procession from Cicero to Althusius there is hardly a page from which the historian's personality can be limned. One reader, at least, cannot help regretting this self-suppression. For men thought these thoughts not merely for their own sake but in a series of passionate battles to define the values of life. After so noble a journey, one would have liked Dr. Carlyle's reflections on the outcome of his voyage.

Miss Clarke, whose early death was a grave loss to medieval scholarship, had just completed this learned work before she died. In form, it is a treatise on that teasing fourteenth-century document, the *Modus Tenendi Parliamentum*. But, to work out its implications, Miss Clarke had in fact written a highly suggestive discussion of the early history of the representative idea. It is of value not merely to the specialist, who will find here a remarkable account of Irish parliamentary institutions. It will interest also the student of representative democracy who wishes to learn something of its formative period. Miss Clarke wrote with wit and distinction as well as learnedly. Sometimes the specialist will feel that she presses a minor point too far. But, all in all, it is clear that the book will influence profoundly that reconstruction of the medieval institutional pattern that is now taking place. Miss Clarke's premature death is the heaviest blow of its kind since that of Mary Bateson. H. J. LASKI

THAT BLESSED WORD

Murder in Mesopotamia. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Corpse in the Crimson Slippers. By R. A. J. WALLING. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Crimson Patch. By PHŒBE ATWOOD TAYLOR. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Poison Cross Mystery. By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Which Way Came Death? By FAITH WOLSELEY. *Murray.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Spirit Murder Mystery. By ROBIN FORSYTHE. *Lane* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mrs. Christie has married an archaeologist and been digging with him in the Near East, with very satisfactory results, at least as far as she is concerned—I cannot speak of her husband's finds—for among the ruins of Babylon or the debris of Nineveh she has collected the materials for one of her three-move chess problems. *Murder in Mesopotamia* is strictly comparable to *Death in the Clouds*, because in each case the crime is completely abstracted from the outer world, the desert and the sky being equally good substances for insulation. Take a party of archaeologists and dump them in the wilderness in a caravanserai. Kill the fascinating *femme fatale* of the party during the mid-day siesta. Provide practically every member of the expedition not only with a possible motive for the murder but a plausible alibi; and you have the plot. Introduce Poirot (this time without Hastings) and you get the solution—without him you would get nowhere, as I will explain in a moment.

The disposition of the pieces in these problems is Mrs. Christie's speciality. She always arranges her characters in perfect alignment; each one is distinct, well-labelled, yet not emphasised or elaborated. The focus she prefers is that of an onlooker; and on this occasion a hospital nurse, called from Baghdad to attend the *femme fatale* for nervous fears, describes the progress of events with the detachment and precision that Poirot requires in anyone who is to be his assistant. But it is her impartial distribution of suspicion that shows what a secure grip Mrs. Christie has of her thorny art. We have had bluffs and double bluffs until we are sick of them—the look of guilt proving innocence, and then again proving guilt, and the same thing *vice versa*. But the ultimate result of all this jugglery has been that readers have become so sharp that, unless the author fakes, they spot the criminal zone by the very passes the conjurer makes over it. There are plenty of examples of this give-away in the other books on my list. Mrs. Christie, like a skilful butler, goes round filling up each character's cup of suspicion to exactly the same level; and it is left to Poirot and the reader to add that last conclusive drop which makes the cup run over.

Is there anything then to complain of in *Murder in Mesopotamia?* Yes, there is. When Poirot added that last drop which I was quite unable to find, the liquid left an after-taste in the mouth, and there were dregs in the culprit's glass that require analysis. Many people have accused Mrs. Christie of setting her problems in an atmosphere of melodrama, and complain that her neat plots are ruined for them by the liberties she takes with human nature. I realise that she often sails near the wind, but generally I am so captivated that I give her the benefit of the doubt. However, I warn readers that in this book Mrs. Christie is more akin to Mrs. Henry Wood than to Jane Austen. But the objection can be surmounted if the mind is prepared. Mrs. Christie makes one crucial psychological presumption that you will find hard to stomach. I must not give it away, but the authoress tries to atone in some measure for her audacity by dropping a clue: Poirot slips in a remark at one point showing that *he* admits the possibility of such behaviour in real life.

Mr. R. A. J. Walling, nicknamed "The Ingenious" by his publishers, must sometimes be dubbed "The Ingenuous" by the public. *The Corpse in the Crimson Slippers* is a blend of the two qualities. The crime itself is quite ingenious, but the method of diverting suspicion will only succeed with simple-minded folk. This is one of the books where the author unwittingly betrays the murderer before we have the least idea how he did the murder. Moreover, Mr. Walling has infected his story with one of the two perpetual blights of detective novels. I won't say which, but Tolefree deserves better of his author than to be dragged into such low company.

Cape Cod for its population must be credited with one of the highest murder rates in fiction. Not only does Miss Taylor

butcher at least a couple a year there to make an Asey Mayo holiday, but now Miss Irwin chimes in with *The Poison Cross Mystery*. If I had not been told, I admit I should not have recognised the setting as the same locality, but I have been assured by Miss Taylor throughout her long shelf of novels that the place has an extremely mixed population. *The Poison Cross Mystery* is a high life story—murder of an artistic bachelor millionaire—plumped out with lashings of aesthetic jargon. Padded, pompous and pretentious—and a dull crime with a pseudo-Freudian solution. Miss Taylor writes better than that; *The Crimson Patch* is on the level of all the previous Asey Mayo books, a reasonably high level. Only Miss Taylor is such a warm-hearted authoress and becomes so fond of most of her characters that she restricts our criminal researches to a very narrow field. No *nice* person has ever committed a crime on Cape Cod while Asey Mayo has been about.

Which Way Came Death? makes a better novel than a detective story, but should be read by anyone who likes a combination of the two. The plot is a public school murder—the poisoning of an unpopular old house-master—just the sort of pleasant occurrence we missed in earlier life. The school atmosphere, that strange interplay of boys, masters, masters' wives, matrons and school servants, is most faithfully and lovingly handled by Mrs. Wolseley, and she solves the crime tactfully by the intuition of an almost too charming headmaster's wife.

The Spirit Murder Mystery is small beer, but drinkable.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

BOMBS OR BLESSINGS?

Humanity, Air Power and War. By PHILIP MUMFORD. *Jarrolds.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

International Organisation in European Air Transport. By LAURENCE C. TOMBS. *Columbia University Press* and *Oxford University Press*, 15*s.*

It is a melancholy commentary on man's capacity for self-frustration that, as Captain Philip Mumford remarks, the very sight of an aeroplane brings thoughts of bombs rather than blessings. So much for the great achievement of the twentieth century, the conquest of the air! And the reason is not far to seek. The infant science of aviation "cut its teeth" in time of war. Then, although already before 1914 the inherent absurdity of sky-high frontiers had been appreciated—Mr. Tombs reminds us of the French project for an international charter of freedom of the air which was expounded at the Paris Conference on Air Navigation in 1910 and, incidentally, was wrecked by British opposition—the International Air Convention of October 13th, 1919, consecrated the lunatic idea of "the complete and exclusive sovereignty of each State over the air-space above its territory." Because sovereignty is essentially a territorial conception, and flight by its very nature international, that particular exploit of the Peace Conference remains the worst hoax ever perpetrated on the unsuspecting citizen by the politicians and their tame experts. Every State regards the commercial undertakings within its domain as a reserve of military strength, and so-called civil aviation in Europe is indeed "merely a poor bastard creation that our militarists permit in their own interests." The contrast with the U.S.A., where airways are a federal concern, is illuminating.

As one who, after service under the Colonial Office in Africa, was with the Military Mission to the Iraq Army and later worked in the Intelligence Department of the Royal Air Force in Iraq, Captain Mumford is hardly to be classed among the doctrinaire pacifists. Yet his conclusion, following upon a popular but comprehensive exposition of the problem of air power, is that "aviation used for national struggles cannot offer us protection . . . and *cannot avoid* destroying civilisation." Mr. Baldwin, of course, has said as much. But his bleatings are not accompanied by any positive policy for making aviation an international concern; characteristically he laments: "I am almost tempted to wish that the aeroplane had never been invented"—and then proceeds to give orders for bigger and better bombers. Captain Mumford, on the contrary, demonstrates the solution (for the metropolitan sphere of Europe) which has already been found in the schemes presented to the Air Committee of the Disarmament Conference in the spring of 1933 for a European air police control replacing national air forces and safeguarding a European regime of international air transport. It was the British Government's opposition, remember, which prevented any progress along those lines—despite the self-evident fact that Britain-in-Europe is

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exposed to the identical perils of aero-chemical warfare as any Continental State. Captain Mumford's book is a useful compilation of all the relevant material, with an occasional illumination from the author's personal experience. The frontispiece drawing by Mr. Arthur Wragg is striking.

Mr. Laurence Tombs also analyses the discussions in the Air Committee and shows the considerable support forthcoming for the plan outlined by M. Pierre Cot—though it was never "on the point of being adopted." But his subject is sufficiently indicated in his title. It comes as a shock to realise that there is only one "international" air transport company in existence, and ironically enough this unique example, Deruluft, is the result of collaboration between the *Deutsche Lufthansa* and the Government of the U.S.S.R. There are, of course, a number of bilateral agreements, which are detailed here, and optional pooling arrangements between various companies: but they only operate subject to the restrictions imposed by the Air Convention. Nevertheless, if the framework of air transport is essentially political and military, the development of international organisation in various technical spheres goes on all the time. And Mr. Tombs (a Canadian member of the staff of the Organisation for Communications and Transit at Geneva) has set himself the task of dragging from obscurity these "international" elements that do exist. He is to be congratulated on an extremely able and useful piece of work, for which, be it noted, the Social Science Research Council, not any European body, supplied a grant.

By virtue of his position the author has had special opportunities of studying the trend of discussion on those occasions when the experts have been free from the trammels of high policy. Both in the Air Transport Co-operation Committee, appointed by the Transit Committee of the League, and in the annual gatherings of the C.A.I. or International Air Conference, the need for placing aviation on an international, i.e., European, basis is generally appreciated. The technical objections are, of course, as Señor Madariaga said, "political objections in uniform." Mr. Tombs is chary of any comment on the record which he reveals; but one notes that the C.I.N.A. (International Commission of Air Navigation) had in the existing Convention, particularly the annexes, which are an integral part of it, the basis for building up the internationalised regime which common sense requires.

Aviation is, of course, only the latest of many sciences which have been sacrificed to the Moloch of State sovereignty. The unique aspect of this case is that the prostitution benefits nobody. On the one hand, air transport remains, in Air Commodore Charlton's memorable phrase, "a tethered bird hopping the length of its national string"; on the other hand, within the range of the air bomber the status of "civilian" no longer exists—we are all prospective victims of the war which, in the name of "national defence," the huddled nations of Europe are preparing.

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ARTHUR BARKER

A VERSATILE SUN

The Purpose of Painting. By LYNTON LAMB. *Oxford.* 3s. 6d.

People who cannot paint are generally nervous middlebrows about painting. They know that most "Old Masters" are safe to praise, but when faced by the unknown or by the work of their contemporaries they either talk about the subject of the painting or pugnaciously announce that they know what they like. Books written for them either resemble Baedeker or sound like the lectures meant for an audience entirely composed of metaphysicians who are reactionary in aesthetics. Mr. Lynton Lamb's essay is something of a novelty. He takes for granted some knowledge and intelligence in the reader and writes as a painter—not as a campaigning critic.

Mr. Lamb begins with the sun:

> In a climate such as the English, local colours are strong. There are so few things of which one can say with conviction that it has a colour which can be produced from a box, and the English landscape is made up of infinite modulations, which a passing cloud will so completely change that the idea of objects being of absolute colour seems fantastic and absurd. A comparison of representative painters of the English and Italian schools will help to show that the distinction is a real one. In a painting by Raphael, the figures are sharply drawn and clearly defined; they have a weight and solidity which cannot fail to be observed.

He decides that light is obliging in a more versatile way in France than anywhere else in Europe, and as a consequence "the French tradition numbers among its exponents the greatest draftsmen and the finest colourists of Europe." He has no intention of being trapped by the pompous question "What is an artist?" but is certain that whatever the answer to it may be it is *not* "a craftsman." He chiefly traces the degeneration of craft from primitive to sophisticated peoples: "Homer's people liked to have nice things about the place. One noticed if the sheets were embroidered and the drinking-vessels were of good workmanship; in fact it all gave a sense of solidity and substance, and in this respect, of course, they were valuable; but when you come to Virgil's description of the shield of Aeneas, you feel at once that it ought to be in a museum. I am sure Virgil would have had it preserved for the Senate and the People of Rome for Ever, just as though it were a carving or a painting." He considers that much of the best painting is pure research, and detects a High Moral Tone in those who would like to make art the useful and monogamous spouse of industry.

The latter part of this essay is partly a discussion of why anyone paints and partly an account of how they have been doing it for the last fifty years and the effect of the arrival of the camera on technique. Mr. Lamb has much to say that is new; he says it wittily and his brevity is no small virtue in a garrulous world. The book contains six illustrations—all of them relevant and well-reproduced.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SAINTS' SWEET HOME

A History of Ireland. By EDMUND CURTIS. *Methuen.* 12s. 6d.

The history of Ireland is less easy to write than the history of England; in spite of a comparative paucity of material, no single thread of dramatic interest holds the incidents together. Of great names and romantic glamour there is plenty, but how can such heterogeneous figures as Brian Boru, St. Columba, Niall of the Nine Hostages, Henry Grattan and Parnell be made to keep step with any imaginable march of progress? English history is just the reverse; it can be easily represented in fluvial diagrams, such as were first printed about a hundred years ago, wherein tributaries of varying hues are made in the end to conjoin in one broad red

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river, symbolising the British Empire. Failures are only apparent, their true purpose being to contribute to the final success. National unity is the direct outcome of a foreign conquest, the loss of the American colonies is the starting-point of a new conception of Empire and so on. Good out of evil; everything gets bigger and bigger. In Ireland it is otherwise; there failures mean but themselves. And how many failures there have been! Norsemen, Normans, Tudors, Cromwellians, Orangemen, have taken their turn as military invaders; political unity is still a problem or a dream, and religious dissension as lively as it ever was. Prof. Curtis thinks that the good times are coming. "Ireland," he says, "is now free to write her history in brighter pages." One hopes he may prove to be right. It is probable, however, that with nations as much as with individuals the pattern of infantile behaviour is apt to repeat itself. The Irish, as far back as the annals take us, have been accident-prone: they have suffered from that most unfortunate of all neuroses in national psychology—the capacity to excite exasperation in others. This is not a pleasant fact to dwell upon, but it needs to be remembered by those who prefer to have their history free from the moral platitudes of praise and blame.

"Ireland," writes Prof. Curtis, "is far more fertile than Scotland and compares well with rich England in this regard." "Politics and religion take up a disproportionate space in our history." "Inaugurated King of Leinster in 1376, Art took the field with colours flying, and summoning all the hereditary vassals of the old Kings of Leinster, the O'Mores, O'Connors, O'Byrnes, O'Dempseys and the rest, ravaged the colonial lands until the terrified officials of the Exchequer renewed to him the grant made to his uncle." Three significant sentences, and they might even be said to contain the whole of Irish history. Writing of a happier land, the historian would have been compelled to give more than a passing glance at the economic and social progress of the people during his review of a thousand years. If in fact we ask what became of this land more fertile than England and Scotland, the answer is simply that it was ravaged; pedigrees and departed glory have been its crops. How far they have compensated for more tangible benefits is not for an outsider to judge.

On the whole one cannot help reflecting that Ireland has been unfortunate in her invaders. Granted that there had to be attempts at conquest, it would have been better had they either failed completely or succeeded completely. In the latter event there would at least have been the possibility of stable and efficient government. If the Irish had been less free they might have been more prosperous. Historically they have been neither.

Prof. Curtis's book is clear, liberal-minded and scholarly, though the profusion of names makes it a little difficult to read.

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SHORTER NOTICES

Manchester Made Over. By ALFRED P. SIMON. *King.* 6s.

Mr. Simon loves Manchester, and instead of giving it up as a bad job he has set to work to replan it in his imagination, to make a Manchester of which everyone can be proud. The method he exemplifies, and which he suggests for general adoption, is to plan the suburbs and satellite towns, then to remake the inner ring, and finally to open up the Civic Centre, causing as little interference as possible with the life of the city. He stresses two points: the supreme importance of a City Manager, the head of a Planning Department which is recognised and supported as taking precedence in the administration of the City, reconciling the various requirements of industries, transport agencies, and citizens of all classes; and, secondly, the need for planning on the site, always bearing in mind the fact that people live and move about on the ground, and that a satisfactory drawing-board composition or aerial view is beside the point. Mr. Simon has not fully tackled the problems of chief rents as affecting cost, and municipal ownership, and has ignored the arguments for and against garden city development in relation to his subject. What he has done is to devise a bold and vigorous technique for the gradual rebuilding of a great industrial city.

The Teacher's Legal Handbook. By CLAUDE E. BRIDGES. *Foyle.* 5s.

This little book is an attempt to deal with the more important legal and administrative problems which confront a teacher in the practice of his profession. The author, who was formerly a schoolmaster and is now engaged in the administrative branch of education, has met these problems in the course of his own experience and is well equipped for the task of advising as to their solution. There is a great deal of useful information on such professional matters as superannuation, salary scales, tenure of appointments, etc. This, like the rest of the book, is arranged under appropriate headings with all the apparatus required for quick reference. The legal questions are argued clearly and concisely and with occasional touches of humour. The treatment of the problems connected with liability for accident is particularly good. The growth of the insurance habit has made people more careful in regard to rights of compensation in the event of personal injury or loss. On the other hand, the changes in the curriculum of the schools in the direction of more practical forms of instruction and the adoption of the "School Journey" as a more or less normal activity even in elementary schools have increased the risks of accident during school hours. It is well, therefore, that teachers, administrators and parents should have a clear statement such as this book gives of their legal position in these matters. The book deserves the commendation given by Mr. Frank Roscoe in his brief foreword.

W. H. Hudson: An Anthology made by Edward Garnett. *Dent.* 4s. 6d.

This anthology, or selection of pages from the greatest of our writers on wild nature, should have an extensive sale. Other considerable naturalists, Izaak Walton, Gilbert White, Viscount Grey of Fallodon, Richard Jefferies, Edward Thomas, C. G. D. Roberts, have given us the cream of their observations in very interesting or beautiful writing, but none of them was so prolific and completely on the nail as W. H. Hudson. Indeed, he was not so much an observer as a part of the things he watched, for he had the patient intensity of the Indian—the wild, half-animal human being who is completely immersed. Probably Richard Jefferies held the ring among nature writers until Hudson was near the end of his career; but nowadays Jefferies is nearly forgotten, and Hudson is the abiding star. Jefferies, of course, is quite unduly neglected; but he was a little too handy with the gun, a lesser humanitarian than Hudson, and his prose, exquisite though it often is, has not the supreme artlessness and unconscious ease that characterise nearly all Hudson's pages.

The Year-book of the Universities of the Empire, 1936. *Bell.* 15s.

This year-book, which was first published in 1914, has grown steadily in size and quality. Every one of the seventy universities in the British Empire—from Oxford and Cambridge to Jerusalem and Aligarh—is included in its pages. It contains a directory (and an exhaustive index) of the officers and teachers of each, besides a mass of information relating to admissions, degrees, scholarships and many other matters of general or particular interest. It is necessarily condensed; it does not purport to be an encyclopaedia. But it ranks among the first-rate reference books.

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LEFT REVIEW — 64 pages illustrated — 6d.

London and Better. By J. M. N. JEFFRIES. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

One of the phenomena of modern newspaper technique is the dose of "culture" administered by a specialist writer. His is essentially a nostalgic art, a useless beauty sentimentally protesting among the "sordid" columns of sport, politics and general ballyhoo. His job is to provide a decorative illusion to offset the rigours of reality, like marzipan on a tough cake. Mr. Jeffries is among the masters in this dubious genre. A faintly archaic, genteel style reminds the reader of his own vulgarity; a persistently whimsical touch, a moistness of the eye and a faintly lavender exhalation console with thoughts of higher things the disappointed student of the racing results and the Stock Exchange prices. Mr. Jeffries specialises in curious information about places. His sketches of things that you, poor mutt, failed to notice are expertly done; and the excellent photographs stand out with a refreshing simplicity from the verbal *chinoiserie*.

A History of Religious Architecture. By ERNEST H. SHORT. *Philip Allan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is a revised edition of Mr. Short's work published ten years ago under the title *The House of God.* Under its present and far more appropriate title the book should have a new lease of life and a wider appeal. Mr. Short writes with knowledge of religious architecture from the earliest times to the present day; but, although the amateur of architecture will find the book an agreeable introduction to its subject, its real value lies in Mr. Short's relation of the buildings he describes to the psychology, sociology, and theology of their builders. It may be that at times he reads into the structure of a people's temples more of their peculiar psychology than the structure can bear; but his method does set each style firmly in its period, and so give to it a strong human interest and to his treatment of it real historical value. The illustrations are excellent.

Don't You Agree? By C. J. CUTCLIFFE-HYNE. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

It is only recently we met Mr. Cutcliffe-Hyne as the adventurous traveller scouring the seven seas in search of characters and local colour for his popular Captain Kettle novels. In the present book we meet him chiefly as a crisp commentator on life at home. Here is the plain man with no damn nonsense about him turned publicist, and hitting out lustily at the social legislation that curbs so irritatingly our personal liberty. His attacks on the anomalies to be discovered in the remains of Dora and in more recent domestic legislation will appeal forcefully to the plain man wherever he is to be found. On the other hand the tacit and often explicit assumption that social service and the legislation it demands are unnecessary, and that if outside the decalogue we could all go as we please, the world would be a little paradise, runs through the book to the injury of its pertinent argument against legislative fussiness. So in answer to his: "Don't You Agree?" all one can say is: "H'm, Well, Yes, But. . . ."

Up and Down the China Coast. By "RANGER." *Denis Archer.* 18*s.*

"Ranger" opens his spirited account of his adventures with the story of his apprenticeship to flying and of his ultimate departure from the R.A.F. as a persistently dangerous flier. There follows a record of his work on a Malayan rubber-plantation, the management of which, as he describes it, would make the famous founders of that industry rub their eyes in amazement. From holding-down a poor job "Ranger" fled to China and miscellaneous trading, and his story of his adventures in Manchuria prior to and during the Japanese invasion is quite the best thing in the book. He does not mince matters in his descriptions of Japanese methods, which seem to have been a mixture of sheer banditry and diplomatic chicanery. He questions their boasted efficiency and asserts that if China could have found a Gordon their impudent invasion would probably have failed. The book is packed with incident and swift sketches of he-men and she-women, and is lively reading from cover to cover; though his evident conviction that the foundations of our Empire were laid by hard-drinking, happy-go-lucky adventurers is hardly warranted by its history.

English People of the Past. By M. J. WHICHER and R. J. MITCHELL. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This story of the life of ordinary people in England from Roman times to the nineteenth century was first published in three separate volumes for use in schools. Its re-issue in one volume is welcome, because now it may reach readers who have left school. It can be warmly recommended to them as a carefully built-up narrative, profusely documented, of the development of English life, social, political and religious, written from the point of view of the typical inhabitants of a typical locality. The microcosmic method of the authors enables us for once to see the past as a whole, if on a much reduced scale, and so we become aware of its historical continuity. A West-country market town, and the villages in its vicinity, have been chosen for detailed study. They are imaginary places, yet taken from life, like the imaginary characters with which they are peopled, and so realistically described and represented in illustrations that it is hard to believe that they never existed, but are merely essences of hundreds of places in England with a similar origin and history, which did exist. Any day, we feel, we may motor through the streets of Wootton-on-the-Fosse, built on the site of the Roman town of Dobunium, to Wootton Courcy, Saxon-Norman name, rich in implications, and Wootton Abbas, the village that grew up at the gates of a Benedictine monastery founded in the twelfth century. And there, finding nothing is left of the monastery except a fragment of the church, injudiciously "restored," we may pause to wonder whether its dissolution was such a "good thing" as Messrs. Whicher and Mitchell make out. But few historians can discuss the Reformation impartially.

Week-end Competitions

No. 329

Set by Allan M. Laing

To win the usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea, this week, competitors are offered the simple task of fitting nouns of collection to the following: bathing belles, anglers, cyclists, hikers, rock-climbers, litter fiends, railway porters, landladies, waiters and page-boys.

Examples: An expectancy of stewards; an ogle of chambermaids.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 10th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 327

Set by Hamish Miles

Mr. Horace Walpole, late of Strawberry Hill, revisits England in 1936. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half-a-Guinea for an extract not exceeding 300 words from a letter of his, written after *either* (*a*) a visit to the Surrealist Exhibition at the Burlington Galleries, or (*b*) a drive into the country.

Report by Hamish Miles

Entries here were neither so many as I hoped nor so ingenious as I feared. The path of least resistance proved to be the excursion into the country, and "Scholastikos" chose a visit to Bath for his essay, which opened pleasingly: "I revisit this place, and am reminded of our advantages in our present condition. No body, no gout. I need not drink the waters." Through E. H. Clements Mr. Walpole noted the strange sight of "bands of men and women dressed all alike in a sort of velvet Holbein doublet and the beginning of breeches to the knee, who rode on double *bicycles*, the sexes well mixed." C. G. Box made some nice points, but was too antique in his phraseology.

The visit to the Surrealist Exhibition showed on the whole less dexterity. Everybody took it for granted that Walpole would be filled with a sort of ghostly moral indignation. But would he? I rather suspect that these more-than-Gothic phantasies would be right up his Arlington Street. After all, he wrote *The Castle of Otranto*, of which a friend wrote: "it consists of ghosts and enchantments; pictures walk out of their frames and are good company for half an hour together; helmets drop from the moon and cover half a family. He says it was a dream, and I fancy one when he had some feverish disposition in him." Amongst these entries, however, T. Molyneux Paul seemed to me the best, and he deserves the second prize. But easily the best in manner and tone (I particularly admired the authenticity of "greenth" and "blueth") was Hilary Bruce, to whom I recommend that the first prize be given.

FIRST PRIZE

HORACE WALPOLE TO HIS COUSIN, H. S. CONWAY

I have been an expedition into the country, and as you will suppose, I went by way of Twickenham. The new carriages are driven by some fantastical device that carries one at a great speed, sweet to me who so soon grew weary of my own company in a post-chaise. First I must tell you there is now no country: all England is London, but not our London; our London I always loved, but this thing is tedious. The greenth and blueth of the enamelled meadows by the Thames is gone. Along the road are red houses, two by two, a row of godly married couples whom no man could put asunder. They do not set their houses back among trees, but let them stare all along the way. This country of theirs is ugly, but I think there is more choice of company. The High Road to Hampton Court which ran below my windows, on which I have seen the Life Guards over their horses' knees in mud, is as hard and clean as a stone floor.

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

JOIN RIDING HOLIDAY, Sussex Downs. Any period. mid-July to end Sept. Still vacancies August. Board and riding 3½ gns. weekly. Week-ends arranged for. Box 240, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

DARTMOUTH, DEVON. Warfleet Creek Hotel. French management, real French cooking. Beautiful situation, near sea. Lovely garden. Up to date, comfortable. Moderate terms' Tel.: 144.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse Board Residence. Bath, h. and c. Indoor sanitation. Garage. Riding. Near sea. Moderate terms. MRS. COAD, Treleague Farm, St. Keverne.

CONSTABLE COUNTRY. Furnished cottage to let, August onwards; 2 bedrooms, 10s. weekly. Garage available. Station Bures, Suffolk. Box 274, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile London, W.C.1, or telephone Bures 67.

SEAFORD, Sussex, quiet, comfortable house. Views of sea and Downs. Delightful garden, best English cooking. H. and c. Sunshine House. 'Phone: 533.

CARLYON BAY, CORNWALL. Stn. Par (G.W.R.)· golf, covered and open-air tennis; squash rackets. shooting; fishing; badminton; glorious sea coast. THE CARLYON BAY HOTEL (St. Austell Bay Hotel), THE BAYFORDBURY HOTEL, THE CORNISH RIVIERA CLUB. Also a few furnished cottages with grand sea views. Write: Dept. N.S., General Offices, Carlyon Bay, Cornwall. Telephone: Par 198. London Office: 12a Charterhouse Square, E.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 7847.

ENGLISH LAKES. Visit the unique Langdale Estate and enjoy holidays that are different. Accommodation of every type in beautiful grounds. An excellent centre for walking, touring and climbing. Comfort with simplicity and good food. Booklet LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside. 'Phone: Grasmere 82.

SEASIDE COTTAGE. Private beach, 6 rooms, verandah overlooking sea, electric light and cooking. June, 4 guineas weekly, July and September, 5 guineas weekly, August, 6 guineas weekly. FISHWICK, Camber Sands, Nr. Rye, Sussex.

RESTFUL, quiet accommodation, old-world village, main water, drainage. c. h. w., efficient catering and service. 'Phone 52. Mrs. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden, Kent.

CORNWALL. On glorious west coast between St. Ives and Land's End. Several comfortable furnished cottages right on the cliffs to let for any period, holidays or residence. Grand spot, sandy bathing coves, delightful moorland country. Secure yours now for this summer. Terms and photos. MRS. SEVIER, The Bungalow, Pendeen.

WYE VALLEY. Guest house, nr. Tintern. Vegetarian Diet. Barn House, Brockweir, Mon.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

WORTHING. Channel View Hotel, Marine Parade. Full South. Noted cuisine. Every mod. conv. Write RESIDENT PROPRIETORS for illus. Tariff. Tele.: 1822.

NEW FOREST. Comfortable Guest House adjoining private woodlands. Hard tennis court. Riding, river-bathing. Garage. MRS. RUSSELL LEONARD, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants.

CORNWALL, PENZANCE. Comfortable guest house. Close sea, country. Separate tables. Complete freedom. Moderate. Recommended. "Westbourne," Alexandra Road, Penzance.

YORKSHIRE DALES, 1 m. Aysgarth. Comfortable guest-house for energetic or restful holidays, full or partial board-residence. Garage. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, Aysgarth, near Leyburn.

WICKLOW MOUNTAINS, Ireland. London 10 hrs. Dublin 16 m. Charming cottage; unique situation, open moors, large gardens, own fruit and vegetables, excellent cooking. Terms: YOUNG, Carrigoona Cottage, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow.

SALTDEAN. Private guest house, facing sea. Close beach, Downs, riding school. Excellent cooking, experienced catering. GLENDOWER, Saltdean, Brighton, Rottingdean 9552.

BARON'S GRANGE, IDEN, RYE. Delightfully peaceful Guest House; unspoilt surroundings; individual tastes studied. INSOLE.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC COMPANY is always to be found at "Netherwood," The Ridge, Hastings. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms; luxury divans. Four acres of lovely garden and woodland. A Pool, Gym, Tennis and Dance Hall provide all the amenities for a real holiday. From 50s. inclusive. Write for illustrated brochure. 'Phone: Baldslow 19.

WEST WYCOMBE, BUCKS. The National Trust Village. XVth century guest house, "APPLE ORCHARD," offers home comforts. Lovely gardens and country; ideal for holidays. Modernised but unspoilt. Moderate terms.

"COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS"
SEA MEADS, near Marazion, Cornwall. Spend September in this pleasant little Cornish hamlet. Sunny cottages available with country atmosphere, but civilised comforts. Individual access to broad sandy beach. Delicious air and a wealth of pursuits for people of enterprise and intelligence. Housekeeping cares minimised by comprehensive organisation. Write SECRETARY.

PERRANPORTH, Cornwall. Are you staying at SULLY'S New Hotel? Brochure on application.

INTERNATIONAL Camp in South Cornwall, ideal country for walking and good sea bathing. Vegetarian food and accommodation 25s. per week. July 25th—August 8th. Enquiries Camp Sec., Youth House, 250 Camden Road, London, N.W. 1. Gul. 5189.

SEAVIEW, Isle of Wight: Furnished House to let till end of July. 5 Bedrooms and Bathroom. 6 gns. weekly. Write: "Guilden," Courtenay Avenue, London, N.6.

STEINACH, Tirol. 3,423 ft. Swimming bath. Good centre for excursions. Pine woods, Flowers, every comfort. Viennese cooking. Terms moderate. Hotel Weisses Rössl.

FINLAND. Hotels from 2s. 6d. per night, meals 1s. 6d. Return fares from £9 10s. Direct steamer from England. Inclusive Tours from £10. Write for illustrated handbook with full details of routes, fares, hotels, pensions, fishing, etc. FINNISH TRAVEL BUREAU, 7 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. Tel.: ABBey 5300.

26 HOURS SUNWARDS.—Casa Johnstone, Tossa de Mar (Gerona), Spain. Illustrated folder.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, CAP MARTIN, facing full south in own grounds direct on sea. 'Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension, 7s. 6d. Special terms by arrangement.

NEUSTIFT, last village in Stubaital, Tirol· Innsbruck 30 km.; fine walking: starting-point for famous climbing-huts; low season pension 9 sch. inclusive; high 9–12. Baedeker stars this House. AUMAYR, Hotel Hofer.

AUSTRIA for your Holidays. Ideal centre on Salzkammergut-Lake, 3 hrs. from Salzburg. Bathing, Tennis, Fishing, Mountaineering, Music and evening entertainments. Apply for prospectus, Seeblick, Grundlsee, Styria, Austria.

IBIZA (Baleares) Hotel-Pension in this charming old Mediterranean town. Electric light. Running water in bedrooms. Bath, Tea-room, Bar. Excellent international cuisine. Roof-terrace with magnificent view. Ideal for winter. 10 pesetas per day. FRAU SCHNEIDER-KAINER, "Ca Vostra," Calle San Luis, Ibiza.

IN A RIVIERA VALLEY, a country house with sunny, sheltered terrace and gardens leading to the sea, you will find absolute quiet, modern comforts. Pension: Winter, 35 fr.; Summer, 50 fr. LES PALMERAIES DE VALMER, LA CROIX, VAR, FRANCE.

BOARD RESIDENCE

PEACEFUL, COMFORTABLE, GET-AT-ABLE. 6s. 6d. Room, bath, breakfast. 26 Norfolk Square. (Pad. 9461.)

I kissed my hand to Strawberry as I went by; my battlements are become very venerable, my pocket castle is a mansion to the little red houses; my toy is a cumbrous relic, too large for a glass case. I passed by Marble Hill and thought to call on the deaf old ghost of Lady Suffolk; the gardens now are a public park, and between the pillars of the house I saw the citizens drinking tea, more at their ease than ever I was with that old courtier. I cried out *Lord!* a hundred times between Twickenham and Richmond. Well, they think us as strange—old rogues from the picture galleries, after George Selwyn's heart, beheaded and hanging. HILARY BRUCE

SECOND PRIZE

" Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels! "

says Mr. Young, and could he have accompanied me would have found ample matter for further *night thoughts* undreamed of in his philosophy. I have had a most rare vision: I have been at the Surrealist Exhibition and how to tell you of it I know not.

It is not the easiest thing in the world to describe that which counts its chief merit the very quality of being indescribable: so much so that you would be hard put to it to make distinction between " Reclining woman " and " Mansions of the dead " without the help of a *Catalogue*. Such tortures of paint and canvas are here that, from laughing at first, we insensibly became tired and then angered and I came near to dashing them from the walls but that this would have shown myself more moved by this foolishness than I would own.

Except a few from curiosity and *some honourable women*, the attendance was mean and servile, taking with all seriousness the tedious display of objects you would find only on the kitchen midden. Thank my natal stars I was born in a better age and had much rather be what I was, an author of a very inferior class two hundred years ago, than the brightest luminary in the constellation " André Breton " at this disastrous era. Fitting indeed is it that this sordid show is given at the back door of the fine new building presided over by Sir Joshua: the only true and proper place for this *cloaca* discharged from poor bedevilled minds—which I shall venture to call, for your fuller information, sewer-realism!

Mr. Herbert was with me yesterday two hours: looks and walks well and is in excellent political spirits. J. MOLYNEUX PAUL

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 184.—THE " THREE GROUP " CYPHER

In the recent war between Paranoia and Euthanasia, there was some clever work by Pincza, the Paranoiac spy. Among other simple codes which he devised, there was what came to be called the " Three Group " cipher. Here is a message sent by Pincza (with a decode in English) which makes use of this cipher:

15218	05609	31479	70025	75408	52368	28140	56040
27532	84257	67227	75493	64572	49098	43867	12201
44054	44123	07602	78414	73362			

Decode the message.

PROBLEM 182.—ELECTING THE COMMITTEE

The Committee numbers 78.

(As several readers comment, what a Committee!) The problem, so far as I know, can only be solved by trial. But surely this need not involve the labour which some readers appear to have put into it! If n is the number of ways in which p votes can be distributed, the ratio n/p obviously increases as n increases. Now what is required is a number p which is such that $n/p = 8$ approximately. Hence one could reasonably begin by considering, say, $p = 10$, instead of working laboriously from $p = 1$ upwards, as a number of solvers have done.

Actually $p = 13$ (when $n = 101$); hence each elector has 13 votes; there are 26 vacancies and a Committee of 78. The number of candidates is a red herring, of course.

PROBLEM 181.—STELLA'S AGE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: R. D. East, 2, Gladstone Road, Watford, Herts.

Four points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

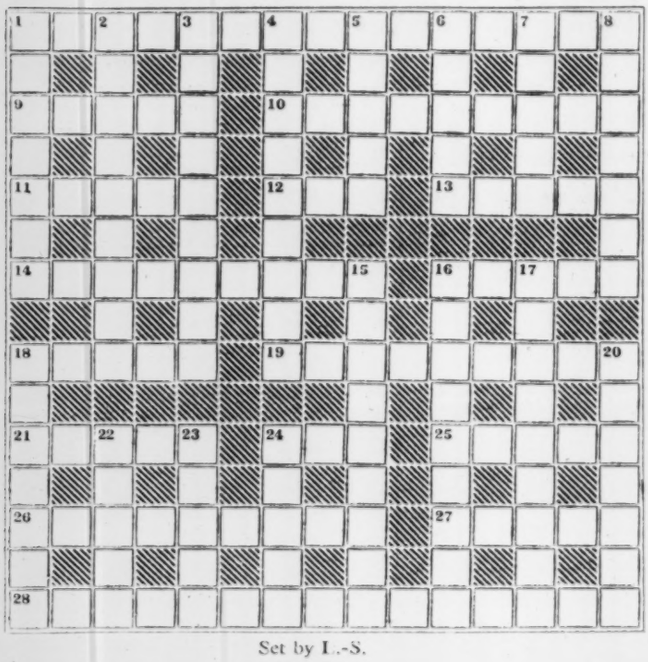
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 330

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to " CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Cyril Ray, Spring Bank, Crumpsall Lane, Crumpsall, Manchester, 8

ACROSS

1. This is the date for an " unruly " people.
9. An article about me returned.
10. Mother in the waste pipe?
11. Sage in Irish guise.
12. See 24 across.
13. A Scot's intent.
14. Main stone of a state.
16. We come to blows with them.
18. A put-up affair among friends.
19. Obviously not pastmasters of their art.
21. They floor many people with their ups and downs.
24. Reversed before 12 to give an encore.
25. Aptly describes the angler's tale.
26. Pickwickian shows up the professors on the lawn.
27. Its inhabitants are naturally not landed.
28. American private's version of promotions?

DOWN

1. Meanwhile bury 'im.
2. They should always be overwound.
3. But for the first of 1 across he would possibly only be a Prime Minister.
4. It is the one rank that counts when men do this.
5. Alex is to remain hidden.
6. A copper in confinement.
7. A contingent rough copy.
8. They are now celebrating 1 across.
15. Fixed stars of no astronomical interest.
16. Ground maize.
17. Bo-Peep's flock.
18. A slave is made to carry the officers' belongings.
20. Proverbial result of repeating remarks.
22. She was divinely planted.
23. An airy bridge.
24. Such a man would rise to no great heights.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

DANDRUFF ASLEEP
O O E R C T X U
CABALLERO ENTER
T E A N U P R E
OOLITIC NESTEGG
R E H T O M O
HARDYPERENNIAL
S B O Y S D
POSSIBLEDOUBTS
Y E C I A R A
GUNNERS NUCLEUS
L T F H C H R T
ANEAL ELIMINATE
S E O R N N T R
SASHES EGGSPOON

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. After October. Tues., Wed.

ALHAMBRA, Russian Ballet. Wed. & Sat.

APOLLO. The Fugitives. Wed., Sat.

GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. Wed., Thurs.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Thurs.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Love from a Stranger. W. & Sat.

ROYALTY. Winter Sunshine. Wed., Thurs.

ST. JAMES'. 'Pride & Prejudice.' W., Th., S.

ST. MARTIN'S. Heroes Don't Care. Tu., Fri.

SAVOY. Lady Precious Stream. M., Th., S.

SHAFTESBURY. Boy Meets Girl. W., S.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Wed., Thurs.

WESTM'STER. Bride for the Unicorn. Th.S

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., W 2.30. Tem. 6404.
MARY CLARE in
AFTER OCTOBER
By RODNEY ACKLAND.

ALHAMBRA, Leic. Sq. Whi. 2525.
EVGS. at 8.30. MATS., WEDS. & SATS., at 2.30.
BALLETS DE MONTE CARLO.
Creations of MICHEL FOKINE personally directed.

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663.) 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE FUGITIVES by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
PHYLLIS DARE. EDWIN STYLES.

COLISEUM. Tem. Bar 3161. EVGS., 6.25 & 9.
IVOR NOVELLO'S
ROMANTIC MUSICAL PLAY,
GLAMOROUS NIGHT.
Popular Prices, 2s to 8s. 9d. inc. Tax.

CROYDON **Repertory.**
Nightly at 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
The Honourable Mr. Tawnish.
By Jeffery Farnol. Adapted by Sidney W. Budd.

GARRICK. (Tem. 8713.) 8.30. Mats., W., Th., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.
SARA ALLGOOD. ROGER LIVESEY.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and THURS., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

PLAYHOUSE. Whitehall 7774.
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS.

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Ave. Ger. 4517.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WEDS. & SATS., 2.30.
MARIE NEY, FRANK VOSPER in
LOVE FROM A STRANGER.

ROYALTY. Ger. 7331. All Seats Bookable.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
WINTER SUNSHINE.
NICHOLAS HANNEN. ATHENE SEYLER.

ST. JAMES'. (Whitehall 3903.)
EVGS., 8.30 (exc. Mon.). WED., THUR., SAT., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER and MAX GORDON present
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.40, Tues., Fri., 2.30.
HEROES DON'T CARE.
CAROL GOODNER. FELIX AYLMER.
REX HARRISON. CORAL BROWN.

SAVOY. (Temple 8888.)
Evgs., 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (2nd Year.)
LADY PRECIOUS STREAM
Esme PERCY. Thea HOLME. Clifford BARTLETT.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666. 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER presents
BOY MEETS GIRL.
New Comedy by BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS!
Farce by Vernon Sylvaine. Staged by Leslie Henson.

VAUDEVILLE. (Temple Bar 4871.)
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. and THURS., 2.30.
GREEN WATERS.
Sebastian Shaw, Gillian Lind, Morland Graham,
Wilfrid Walter, Henry Hepworth.

WESTMINSTER, S.W.1. (Vic. 0283). 8/6 to 1/6.
EVGS., 8.30. Matinees, THURS. and SAT., at 2.30.
A BRIDE FOR THE UNICORN
A new Play by DENIS JOHNSTON.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2081.
CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S ROBIN HOOD
"JANOSIK" (A).
A stirring tale of adventure.

EVERYMAN (Opp Hampstead Tube Stn. Ham. 2285)
Monday, 6th July, for 7 days
ADOLPH WOHLBRUCH & DOROTHEA WIECK in
THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE (A).
The sound version of the famous silent film.

ART EXHIBITION

INTERNATIONAL SURREALIST
EXBN., New Burlington Galleries, Burlington Gardens, W.1. Hours: 10–5 (inc. Sats.). Adm. 1/3. PAINTINGS, SCULPTURES, OBJECTS, LECTURES.

RESTAURANTS

A FEW steps from the Strand to RULES of Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOYS and Girls will enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Crowborough, Sussex. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

DO you remember that delightful SMOKERS' TOOTH POWDER you used when you were at Oxford? Why not use it again? 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 9s., post free. DRUCE AND CO., Oxford.

STRAWBERRY JAM, Home-made and very good, juicy whole fruit. 6 1 lbs. 9s., 12 ditto, 16s. car. pd. DOROTHY CARTER, Iden, Rye.

MACKIE'S PETTICOAT TAIL SHORTBREAD is an old favourite in a new make-up.
In thin sugared segments this time.
A most delightful tea-time biscuit.
Per tin, by post, 3s.
J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.,
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 2.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.—Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns, post free. Prices, complete Suit, 97s. 6d.; Jacket, 57s. 6d. S. REDMAYNE & SONS LTD., No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

CHARITY

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls and women hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few months.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON. TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

LOANS

ADVANCES £30 to £30,000. Private and immediate. REGIONAL TRUST LTD. (Reg. 5983), 8 Clifford Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

CONFERENCES

A UNIQUE HOLIDAY CONFERENCE IN FRANCE, 1st–8th August, 1936.

For the FIFTH SUCCESSIVE YEAR the Federation of Progressive Societies has arranged for the usual week at the Chateau de Dures, Villennes S. et. O. The Chateau is about 23 miles from Paris, with beautiful grounds and amid delightful walking country.

With emphasis on the holiday rather than the conference aspect, the programme includes lectures, discussions, sun-bathing, bathing, tennis, and excursions. There are no stupid restrictions.

The cost is approximately 275 francs from Saturday evening 1st to Saturday morning 8th August. (F.P.S.I. members, 250 francs.) Reduction if the party number 50 or over. Those wishing to travel with the party by the 10.05 from Victoria on Saturday morning, 1st August, can have seats reserved and tickets to Paris obtained (third throughout) for £2 12s. 3d. Passports are required.

Applications should be sent immediately to HUGH LEAKEY, Hon. Sec., F.P.S.I., 475, Oxford Street, W.1. accompanied by a deposit of £1, and, in the case of those travelling with the party, an additional £2 12s. 3d. Transfer to a better class, can, if desired, be made on the boat.

LEFT Theatre Week-end School, July 11th–12th, at "Netherwood," Hastings. Lectures and discussions on the theatre; swimming, tennis, dancing. For full particulars apply LEFT THEATRE, 6 Meard Street, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Appointment of a full-time lecturer in German.

The Council of Newnham College will proceed immediately to the appointment of a resident full-time Lecturer (Woman) in German, minimum salary beginning at £300 a year with residence, the appointment to take effect at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term 1936. The work will include about 12 hours supervision weekly (German essays, composition and literary discussion classes). British University degree and residence in Germany essential. Experience of University teaching and of research are also necessary. Preference will be given to candidates between the ages of 30 and 40. Applications (four copies) should reach the Principal, Newnham College, Cambridge, by July 13th, 1936, and should be accompanied by four copies of not more than three testimonials and the names of two referees. Should no suitably qualified candidate present herself the Council may decide to appoint an Assistant Lecturer, at a salary of £170 a year with residence. British University degree and residence in Germany essential.

Candidates are asked to state in their application for which post they wish to be considered, or whether they wish to be considered for both.

Details regarding tenure, salary and pension of both posts may be obtained from the PRINCIPAL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

The Council invites applications for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Classics. Salary £300 per annum. The appointment will date from October 1st, 1936.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before July 15th, 1936.

EDWIN DREW, Registrar.
Singleton Park, Swansea.

DECENTRALISATION.

Secretary wanted for important Society advocating urban decentralisation and satellite towns in connection with national planning. Only a small salary can be paid at first, but there is a good opportunity for enlarging the scope of the Society. Speaking, writing and organising ability, and knowledge of the subject, are desirable qualifications. Apply, stating age, by July 18th, to the Chairman of Executive, G.C.A., 13 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

CITIZENSHIP and MODERN EVENTS. Experienced woman specialist visits schools in and near London. Interesting senior course. Inexpensive scheme. Principals interested. Write Box 281, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WELL-KNOWN Publishers require advertisement manager: young man, graduate, with experience of typography and journalism. Box 275, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ENGLISH male assistant required for children's seaside holiday centre organised by progressive school. 'Phone: Primrose 6733.

FRENCH lady (40), very well educated, seeks post in English family July and August. Au pair. Write to JAMES G. CLARK, M.A., 32 Cotham Vale, Bristol 6.

EXPERIENCED film critic and journalist seeks post on daily or weekly. Has contributed to many leading journals and reviews on film matters. Crisp style, prompt copy; but no "flam." Box 273, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

MOTHER'S Help wanted for small guest house, share all duties; country, 52 miles South London. State age, experience, salary. Box 263, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

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DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, Etc. Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed. ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked. Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LTD., Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163–4.)

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

MAJOR ANGAS ON INVESTMENT FOR APPRECIATION—THE PERFECT SYSTEM—COMMITTEE ON ELECTRICITY DISTRIBUTION

TOREADOR, who is still confined in a nursing home, writes: "Investment for Appreciation" by Major L. L. B. Angas* is undoubtedly the best book on Stock Exchange speculation which has yet been published in this country (my own book has been unfortunately delayed). In America I believe that Major Angas has several rivals, expounding a similar technique, but in this country he is in a class by himself. The book is an enlargement (353 pages) of his previous work on "Investment" (184 pages) which was first published in 1930. It is obvious that Major Angas has profited from his studies and speculations in the hectic Stock Exchange days of the past four years. He originally set out to understand the working of the capitalist system and then to exploit his understanding on the Stock Exchange. He is perfectly entitled to do so, but I do not want to suggest that he is entirely cynical. He goes out of his way to write appendices on the causes of the business cycle and the cure of unemployment and to urge a national system of monetary control which, if effectively practised, would iron out the booms and slumps which he lives to exploit and curb the speculation on the Stock Exchange which is his present delight. We must not, therefore, regard Major Angas as entirely anti-social. Indeed, his little chapter on the ethics of speculation might even be passed by the Bishop of Southwark and the other correspondents of *The Times* who are demanding an inquiry into City speculation. "In a capitalistic community," says Major Angas, "it is highly desirable that there should exist a large body of *well*-instructed speculators. Ill-instructed speculators add to the swings in the market . . . intelligent speculation does just the reverse." But Major Angas does not attempt to defend the ethics of the individual speculator. (Read his cold-blooded analysis of the manipulation of share prices by "insiders" or professional operators.) If you must speculate, he says, all I ask is that you speculate intelligently by reading this book and following its system.

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The trouble about Major Angas' system is that it demands absolute consecration of life and soul. No other work could be undertaken if his elaborate and painstaking rules are conscientiously applied to the daily task of exploiting the Stock Exchange. Of course, the trouble would be rewarded handsomely. "Personally," writes Major Angas, "I regard making 30 per cent. cumulatively every year as good and yet that is only turning one unit into 14 in ten years. That is about as much money as can be made in practice unless borrowed money is used." His routine is as follows. "First, be an economist and say what ought to happen." For this purpose it will be necessary to study Mr. J. M. Keynes rather than Major Angas, who regards the business cycle as merely a monetary phenomenon. "Secondly, be a chart reader and refuse to act on your own economic theories until the (investment) public is showing signs of behaving in the way you have decided that they ought to." Charts of Stock Exchange prices, in Major Angas' view, are invaluable in telling you when to buy and when to sell—both from a cyclical and intermediate point of view. "Thirdly, become, as soon as you have made your purchase, a mathematical automaton. Place stop-loss orders on your shares without either hope or fear. . . ." This placing of stop-loss orders is the most difficult part, technically, of Major Angas' system. My experience is that it requires a very intelligent and sympathetic broker to carry out these "stop-loss" instructions. But I entirely agree with Major Angas that it is impossible to run a system without a rigid mathematical balancing of the stakes. "If small profits are taken it is essential to take equally small losses. It is ruinous to snatch small profits and let losses run on." Lastly, "build a balanced portfolio"—i.e., a scientifically distributed list. Now do *you* think that you could follow this simple little routine? You will want, in Major Angas' words: (1) a knowledge of the business cycle, in single trades and in industry as a whole; (2) a knowledge of the "conjunctures" (the economics) of the Stock Exchange; (3) a knowledge of the simple mathematics of staking; (4) a knowledge of crowd psychology; (5) a good judgment of men (managers' honesty) as well as of investments; (6) patience and self-control; (7) total lack of inordinate optimism or greed; (8) willingness to change one's mind; (9) willingness to cut losses early; (10) a curious mixture of scientific theory and speculative technique; (11) extreme fastidiousness in selecting shares; (12) ability to adhere to a general plan; (13) the nerve to follow rules which experience and analysis have clearly shown to be sound. Well, if you can attain to this stature, you will be a great man and it would seem a pity to prostitute in a casino qualities which would fit you for the National Government.

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Toreador's Statistical Assistant writes: Sir Harry McGowan's Committee on Electricity Distribution is to be congratulated upon a happy rendering into plain Anglo-Saxon of the more obscure passages in current American literature. The Roosevelt attack on public utilities has always appeared alien to English eyes, and the vituperation with which the attack was launched has ranged English sympathy on the side of the American utility companies. The Committee on Electricity Distribution in its report just published is not so ungentlemanly. No scathing comments on mismanagement, no accusations of graft or swindling, no names, no pack drill. The Committee discusses, not the abuses, but the "potentialities of abuse" of the holding company system. It is stated that the "holding company structure contains certain possibilities of charges for electricity being maintained at an unnecessarily high level," and the Committee recommend that such abuses should be rendered impossible. The Committee referred to the fact that at the beginning of 1934 (the available statistics in this case are little more than two years out of date) there were no fewer than 635 separate authorised electricity undertakers, doubtless with 635 different methods of selling electric power and light to the public and of charging for electricity supply. 282 undertakers supplied alternating current, 283 alternating and direct current, and 77 direct current only. There were as many as 43 different voltages. All this, of course, is absurd. But the conditions are not special to the electricity supply industry, and the report is more a condemnation of unfettered capitalism than an attack upon the general organisation of the industry.

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Ten years ago the Weir Committee set in train the reorganisation of the generation and transmission of electricity, and it is claimed that the recommendations of this Committee are being successfully carried out by the Central Electricity Board. Certainly during those ten years the average cost of generation has been reduced from .97*d.* per unit in 1924/5 to .52*d.* per unit in 1933/4, and it is tolerably certain that this cost has been and will still be further reduced. But the complex and chaotic structure of distribution has been left virtually untouched. That order can be brought out of this chaos is probable but not certain, but whether the average consumer will gain anything from the reorganisation is quite another matter. To quote a reduction in the generating costs of nearly 50 per cent. over the last ten years, and to point out without qualification that distribution costs per unit have actually risen, suggests that there is as much scope in reducing costs of distribution as has been found possible in the generation of electricity. Of course, you can prevent electricity undertakings being split up, reduce the number of undertakings by compulsory amalgamations, remove a constant source of irritation by standardising methods of charge, impose any restrictions you like on the holding companies, give the Electricity Commissioners enormous powers, amalgamate profitable urban districts of supply with sparsely populated districts, but you have not sold any more electricity. To suppose that the distribution costs per unit, half of which represent capital charges, can be reduced by anything like 50 per cent. in ten years is ridiculous. Nevertheless, there is ample evidence that they can be reduced by larger sales of electricity resulting in a fuller use of the capital invested in distribution systems. But although more electricity can be sold without additional expenditure in laying down mains, opening showrooms, etc., yet the scope for a larger utilisation of existing generating resources must depend to a large extent on new expenditure on the distribution side. And the law of diminishing returns must apply to some extent in the present stage of electrical development. The Committee has partially dispelled one fear that urban and rural districts will be amalgamated, and a uniform charge made for the whole area. It is unfortunately too easy to make the urban districts subsidise the rural districts, and we cannot believe that the temptation will be altogether avoided. The City on the whole is not displeased with the moderate tone of the report, although the references to abuses by some holding companies is mildly disturbing.

Toreador comments: It may be very nice for the City and for electricity supply shares, but am I, as a consumer in a rural Berkshire area, to go on paying 7*d.* per unit for lighting? Damme, Sir, if the capitalist system cannot look after its City editors, it is doomed.

* *Investment for Appreciation.* By L. L. B. Angas. Macmillan. 20s.

Company Meeting

HOVIS, LIMITED.

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR.

The THIRTY-EIGHTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders was held in London on Wednesday last. Mr. A. H. Dence, Chairman, presiding, dealt with the balance sheet and said (in part) : —

The Net Profit on Trading is almost identical with that of the previous year. The Balance carried to Balance Sheet is some £7,000 more than last year. We are recommending a dividend and bonus similar to that for the previous year. The Company stands in a very strong position and our Reserve Fund at £450,000 is a very satisfactory and comforting figure to contemplate.

Hovis has stood the test of time and it is still up to date. And why? Because we keep ourselves up to date, our plant, machinery and our mills. Our country mill at Haverhill, for instance, has recently been entirely rebuilt and is now being fitted throughout with new plant and machinery. This has necessitated closing down for a number of months, but the work is almost completed and in a short time we hope that this mill will be operating full time again, and we are happy in the knowledge that we have a mill which, both in the beauty of its appearance and the efficiency of its output, will do credit for many years to the high reputation which our Company holds.

I believe that we are the only Milling Company in this country perhaps, possibly in the world, that has a physiological laboratory controlled by eminent consultants. The main precept of Hovis has remained in force during the existence of the business—and to-day our Company is upwards of 38 years old; throughout that period the underlying principle of Hovis has remained unaltered, but the most expert and scientific advice is constantly being sought by your Directors to maintain in its fullest efficiency an article which, of its kind, I have little doubt is the finest procurable in this country.

The turnover of our Cattle and Poultry Feeding stuffs shows a gratifying increase to our trade.

Referring to the Hovis Staff Pension Fund, the Chairman said he was sure shareholders would wish to endorse the policy of the Directors in strengthening this important Fund.

The Chairman then paid a tribute to the Managers, Staff and Employees of the Company. The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted and Mr. A. H. Dence was unanimously re-elected Director.

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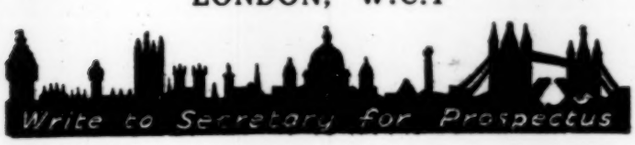

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